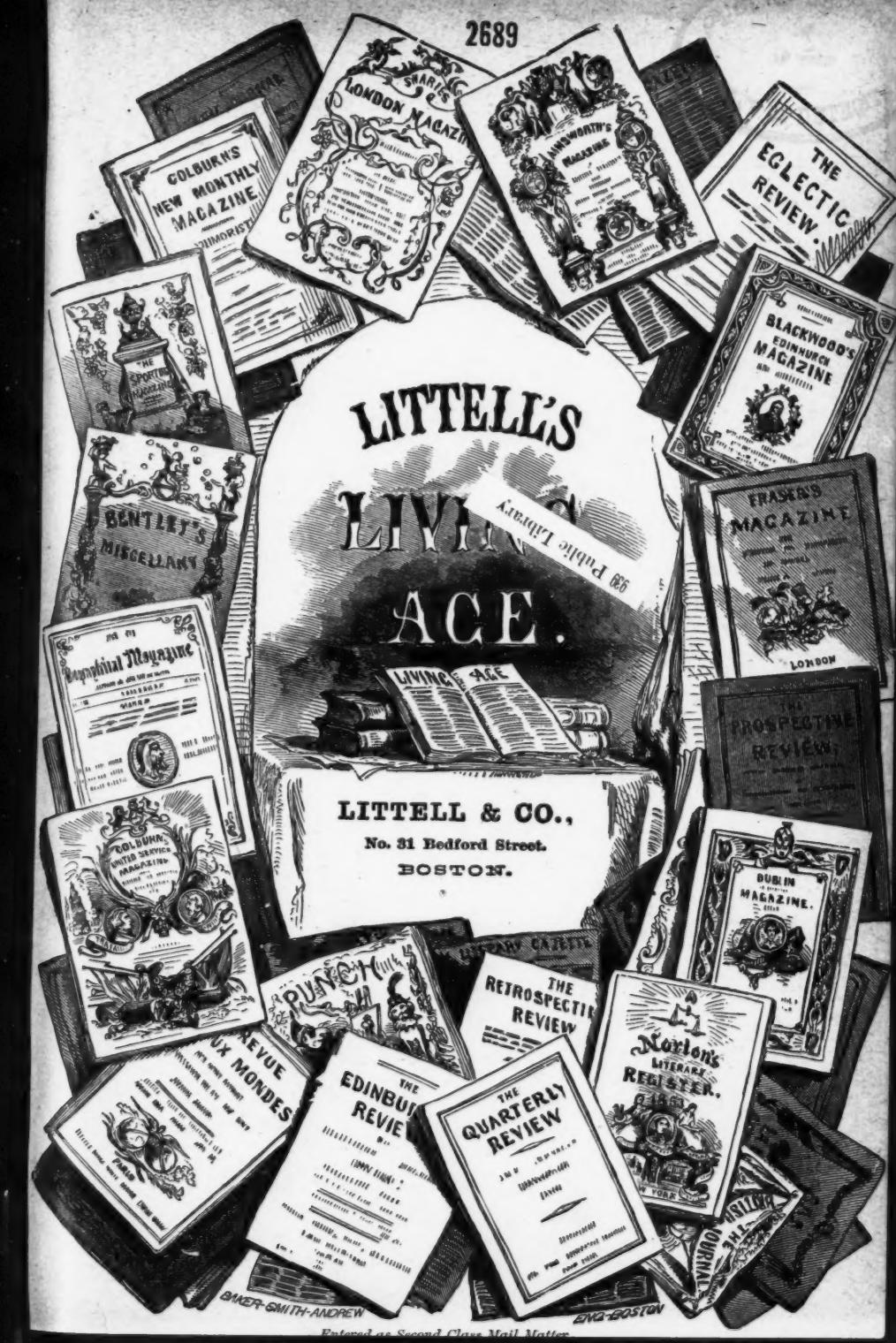


LITTELL'S
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LITTELL & CO.,
No. 31 Bedford Street.
BOSTON.



**1896. A HAPPY GREETING TO YOU WITH WISHES FOR
A MORE PROSPEROUS YEAR THAN EVER BEFORE. 1896.**

New England Magazine for 1896.

... this field which will soon appear are: JOHN COTTON, THE GREAT MINISTER OF BOSTON, by Rev. John Cotton Brooks; THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND, by Dinah Sturgis; THE BENEDICT CLUB, by Rev. Julius H. Ward; and a valuable series on the Boston Park System, written by various experts.



BOSTON PARK SYSTEM, WALTERS' NEW YORK REPORT.

The series of articles on Old New England Towns, which has proved so popular a feature of the Magazine, will be continued by articles on Boscawen, N. H., by Charles Carlton Coffin, Hampton, N. H., Eastport, Me., Litchfield, Conn., and other historic towns, and in early numbers will appear important illustrated articles on Augusta, Me., MODERN PROVIDENCE, New London, Conn., Taunton, Mass., and other thriving cities. NEW ENGLAND IN MICHIGAN, by E. P. Powell, and NEW ENGLAND IN CHICAGO, by Edward Isham, Jr.

articles which will illustrate the great part of New England in the settlement and building up of the West. At this time are beginning the centennial of the notable events in the opening of the Western Reserve. The Western Reserve is peculiarly a section of New England in the West, and to it in this coming centennial year several important articles will be devoted.

Art and educational subjects will receive the same conspicuous attention in the Magazine which they have received heretofore. The recent valuable article on the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn will be followed by others on the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and the Armour Institute, Chicago. St. Paul's School Concord, and others of our famous schools will be treated. LATER AMERICAN MASTERS, by William H. Downes and Frank Torrey Robinson; JOHN ROGERS, THE MAN, AND THE SCULPTOR, by William Ordway Partridge; and THE DECORATIONS OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, by C. Howard Walker, are all beautifully illustrated articles which will appear during the year.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elihu Burritt, William Pitt Fessenden, Samuel F. B. Morse and others will be the themes of interesting biographical articles. W. T. W. Ball will contribute an article, *SOME SHAKESPEARIAN REPETITIONS*; James Ellis Humphrey, on *BOTANY AND BOTANISTS IN NEW ENGLAND*; F. E. Key, a series on *EARLY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND*. Martha's

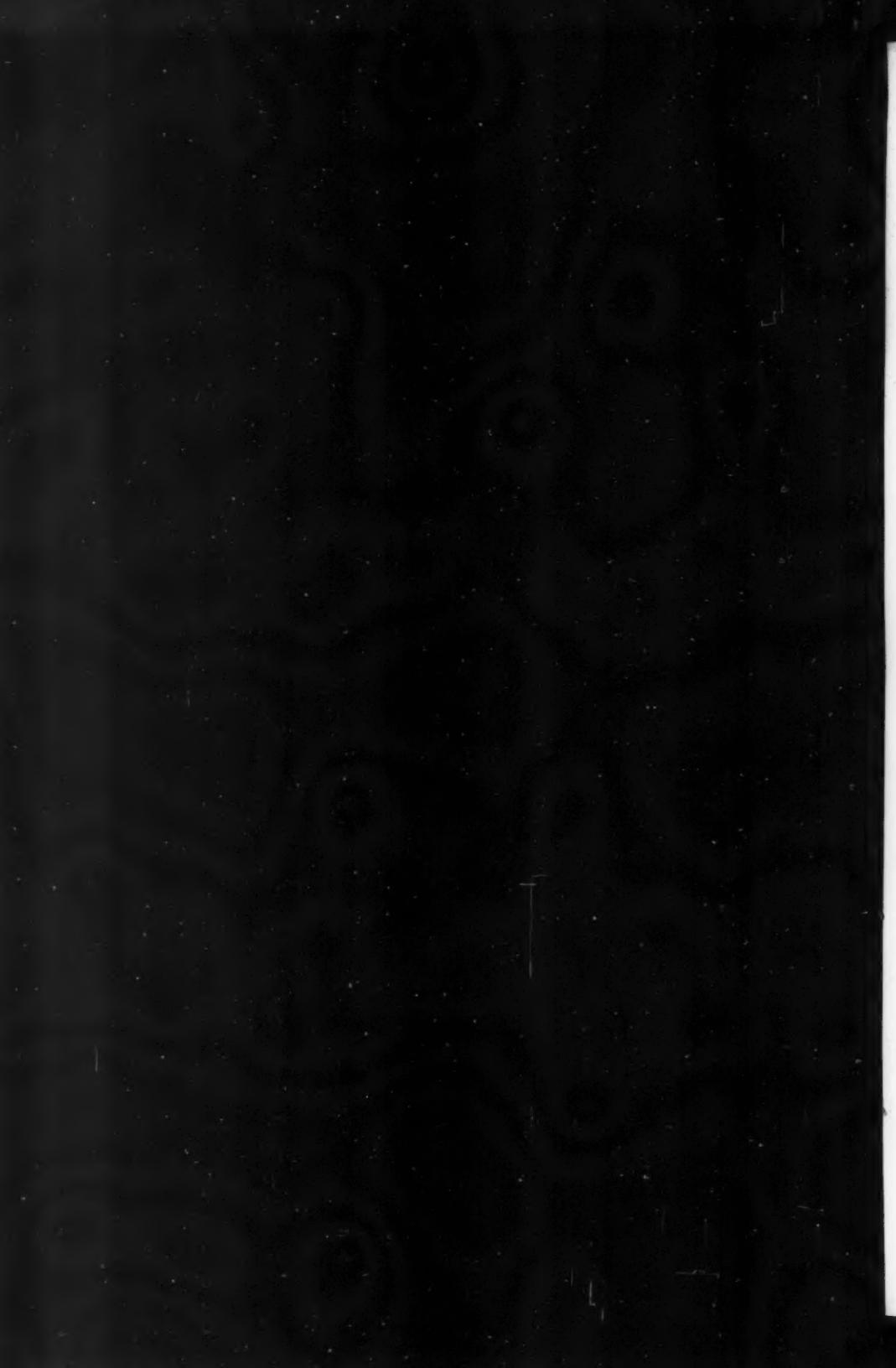
Vineyard, Block Island, Cape Cod and other famous summer resorts will receive treatment. The pressing questions of politics; and the pages of the *M.* g

WARREN F. KELLOGG, Publisher, 5 Park Sq., Boston, Mass.



FROM A DRAWING BY J. H. MATFIELD





LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume IX.

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Vol. CCVIII.

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EXILE.

When day's long course of toil is done,
Before the rest of night,
I stand to watch the setting sun
Drop slowly out of sight.

Then in the clouds I love to trace
The forms of hill and plain,
And think I see my native place,
My distant home again.

I love the wind that blows from thence
With news I long to hear;
I love the wind that blows from hence,
My greeting oft to bear.

Across the silent deep blue skies
Seek out my home, O breeze!
Beyond the seven hills it lies,
Beyond the seven seas.

How blue those heaving seas and deep,
How high those parting hills,
The sunbeams on their green crests sleep,
Their vales the shadow fills.

O land of youth, O vanished land,
I seek a distant shore,
And can I ever hope to stand
Upon thy mountains more?

Or in that country where I go,
My weary wanderings past,
Shall I look round about, and know
My native home at last?

Cornhill Magazine.

ST. MONANS, FIFE.

There it rests, with its back to the brae,
The jumbled, zigzag, grey old town;
Roofs red and brown—roofs purple and
grey,
Blue-dim through reek from the chimneys
blown;
Roofs slanting, trifrom, jutting, square,
With skylights yawning wide for air,
And gables—gables everywhere!

Low in the lap of the land it lies,
On the knees of the shore serene and
grey;
The earth's green arms about it thrown,
Its feet on the rocks where the sea-mew
flies,
And ever with mournful monotone,
Ebbing and flowing the sea-tides sway—
Ebbing and flowing forever and aye.

Dark on the sunset's ruddy gold,
The old church-tower on the western
height;
The sturdy church, six centuries old,
On the edge of the wave, with the town in
sight;
Where pray the living, where find repose
The generations whom no man knows.

Boats in the harbor—nets on the brae,
Sunbrowned fishers upon the pier;
Women light-ankled, deft-handed, gay,
Ready to answer with joke or jeer;
Children who make the old village ring
With the games they play, the songs they
sing.

Oh, here Life steps to a heartsome strain;
Each for the love of them works for his
own;
And not for any man's single gain,
For a master's profit to sweat and groan;
And blithely the sails with a stout
"yo-ho!"
To the mast-head rise as they outward go.

Come luck, come lack, one deal to each:
Nor fear nor favor the fisher knows,
As he sails away from the happy beach,
When the fish are rife and a fair wind
blows;
And what though a grave in the sea his
lot?
Holds it one hollow where God is not?

Ah! still do I dream of that grey old
shore,
Its murmur of waves, its sheltering calm;
The hearty speech and the open door,
And the welcome word that fell like
balm—

Till over my soul in a flood-tide free,
My long-lost faith flowed back to me;
Yea, the heart of my youth I found in
thee,
Oh grey St. Monans, beside the sea.

Chambers' Journal. J. K. LAWSON.

THE QUEST.

O Time, where hast thou laid
My Self of yesterday?
Where at his tomb I prayed,
I come again to pray—
'Tis empty! Who has hither strayed
And taken him away?
Spectator. JOHN B. TABB.

From The Fortnightly Review.

COREA AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

Although thousands of travellers visit Japan, comparatively few of them visit Nagasaki, and fewer still make the tour from Nagasaki up the eastern coast of Corea to Vladivostok and further into Siberia. The prominence which these names have acquired from recent events, their "actualité," as the French express it, attracted me to go and study, for a short time, the places themselves in the summer of 1895, on my way from China to England by the C. P. R.

The détour is a pretty long one, one hundred and sixty miles from Nagasaki, in Japan, to Fusán, Corea; three hundred and four miles from Fusán to Gensan, or "Port Lazareff," the northern port of Corea on the east coast; three hundred and twenty from Gensan to Vladivostok; Vladivostok to Iman by rail, two hundred and eighty miles over the easternmost section of the Great Siberian railroad; Iman to Khabarovka, down the Iman River, then down the Ussuri—into which the Iman flows—and into the Amur, which receives the waters of the Ussuri—two hundred and sixty miles. From Khabarovka one may descend the great river Amur, which flows northward six hundred and fifty miles or more, as far as Nikoláefsk, where it throws itself into that part of the Pacific called the Sea of Okhotsk, in latitude 53° north.

Vladivostok has the aspect of an inferior Hong Kong, of about a quarter the size. Hills crowned with forts rise round it up to a height of eight hundred feet. It lies on the south side of a peninsula, twenty miles long, called Maravié Amursky, in 43° 6' 51" N. latitude, and 131° 54' 21" E. longitude. The town is between four and five miles long, but is straggling and unconnected, and of no breadth. Some streets are very steep, and all are horribly dusty in dry weather, being never watered, and being continually crossed in all directions by droshkas driven at a smart pace. Instead of pavements, the streets have "side-

walks" of planks, as commonly seen in new American cities. You take six stout planks, some twenty-five feet long, and lay them side by side, and you continue the process for the requisite number of versts, or miles (three versts are two miles), and the "sidewalk" is complete, save for a few props and nails where the ground is too soft, or the foundation degenerated into holes.

The droshkas are driven by red-headed, snub-nosed, Russian *izvozchiks* in low, glazed, stove-pipe hats with very curly brims, red sleeves, pleated black skirts, and high boots. In them one often sees, lolling as passengers, a couple of frowsy Chinese, or a still frowsier Corean. The fare is only eighty kopeks, or one shilling and eightpence an hour, or over half an hour; and from point to point there are tenpenny and fivepenny fares, according to distance. The regulations forbid charging more, but, with fine irony, allow the driver "to take less, if he likes." He may not leave his cab to take care of itself, may not "sing, make a noise, or cause a disturbance;" he must temper his pace to a "town trot," and "keep to the right-hand side of the road."

The *troika* has a dashing look; the horse in the middle trots under the arched *duga*, whose object and effect, when properly put on, is to keep the shafts at the same distance apart. The small horses right and left are cantering, and their bodies incline a little outwards from the car. In Vladivostok are few complete triple teams; generally there are only the "middle horse" trotting, and one other cantering on its near side.

The water-barrel on wheels, drawn by horse or bull, and often driven by a soldier, is a frequent sight, carrying water up to the forts, and to the upper town. A funnier horse-vehicle is the sit-astride, cushioned beam, on which *izvozchik* and cloaked and spurred officer sit, with dangling legs, one behind the other,—the officer behind.

The Chinese here keep excellent shops, in good brick buildings, while

many of the Russians are living in log-huts. Messrs. Kunst and Albers have the finest house, lighted with electric light at night; but they are Germans, not Russians, by birth. There are, however, some good Russian shops. The tailors are Japanese and Chinese; the barbers are Japanese. The harbor-boatmen are Chinamen from the north-eastern part of China, called Shantung; the legal fare is sevenpence-halfpenny an hour, and the fares go as low as ten kopeks, or twopence-halfpenny, for short distances. The boats are just such sampans as are seen in China or Japan, propelled by an oar over the stern in the fashion called sculling; which is effective, but imparts a disagreeable wobble to the passenger sitting on the red blanket in the bluff bows of the craft.

A trip across the harbor in a Chinese sampan gives a refreshing respite from the dust, and a nearer view of the numerous vessels under the Russian, British, German, and Norwegian flags. Here lie ten Russian men-at-war and ten torpedo-boats. The incident of a French transport having just landed reinforcements of Russian troops surely indicates a very friendly state of feeling between those two countries.

The chief architectural feature of Vladivostok is the forts, and the greatest precautions are taken to prevent tourists intruding into these, or even looking at them from the outside. One cannot stroll far over the hills in any direction without finding the road barred by a board inscribed: "Vkhod Vozpreshchayetsa; L'entrée est Défendue; Eingang ist Verboten; Entrance is Prohibited." The ordinary globetrotter might, perhaps, be excused for not being able to read the first two words, especially as the letters used to spell them are not as I have given them, but Russian letters; but the addition of the other three languages will probably suffice to warn him that he will indulge his curiosity at his personal peril. The work of fort-building is going on with the greatest vigor. The streets swarm with soldiers; their officers are all in uniform, with black

crapes round the left arm of their white summer coats, in sign of mourning for the late Emperor Alexander the Third. They are solid, broad-chested, round-limbed men, many being tall as well as stout. They have white summer caps, with the imperial badge in front, dark trousers with red stripes, sword hung on strap from right shoulder. Those with spurs on their high boots do not seem to ride with these stimuli, but to use them for travelling on steamers, driving, or walking. The fact is, that on Russian territory every employé of the government has to be in uniform "all the time." I hear two hundred thousand troops were mobilized in eastern Siberia in the summer of 1895, and I can well believe it.

The patient, bovine-natured peasants of Corea perform the office of pack-horse in this region, and three Coreans quickly presented themselves to me, on my landing from the steamer in a sampan, and carried up my traps to the Zolotoe Rog, or Golden Horn Hotel. This log-house certainly possesses the attraction of strong "local color;" nothing could be more Vladivostokian. Its bar and billiard-room, which are in one, are crowded with handsome, martial, uniformed figures every evening. Some are strutting round the billiard-table, and others, fork in hand, picking up an eclectic *zakuska* from the condiments—caviar, pickles, salt fish, etc.—exposed in front of a glittering row of miscellaneous alcoholic bottles. Some are tossing down liqueur glasses of colorless *vodka*—most abominable of drinks!—others seated, two or three together, socially discussing garrison scandal, German bottled beer, and cigarettes. The Chinese billiard-marker, meanwhile, lolls with all the "sans-gêne" of a Montana mining-town marker, and watches the "young barbarians at play" with placid Mongolian superiority.

The *zakuska* (a term formed on *kusok*, "a bit, a snack") gives an appetite, and also has to allay it, for the easy-going, good-tempered Russians do not insist on military punctuality from the Asiatic hotel servants, and these are

not likely to volunteer to give it. Every one waits in Vladivostok. The izvozchiks wait on the box of their calèche for a fare; the Corean porter, with his carrying frame on his back, sits on the plank "sidewalk" and waits for a job; the European or Siberian guests sit at table, smoking cigarettes to beguile the hours, and wait for the waiter to bring them their obièd or ujin (lunch or dinner), ten times already ordered and promised "immediately;" the long-tressed, cheerful-looking young Chinese waiters, *ipso facto*, wait, and pass jokes in a loud voice between themselves in the guttural dialect of Shantung (China), until the Japanese cook has got ready the *portsia*—"portion" ordered by a guest an hour or two ago. It must surely be an error to render *Seichass*, by "immediately;" literally, it means "this hour," and the waiters in Vladivostok can mean nothing less by it.

Another of the humors of the place is that there is no bathroom nearer than a quarter of a mile, and that the dressing-room there is almost as hot as the steam-heated bathroom, so that almost before the bather's clean clothes are on, they are drenched with perspiration, and he must wrap himself well up and come back through the streets at a trot to escape a severe cold. There is a great deal of open-air bathing, however, in the sea during the summer. On 24th July I noted the temperature of the air and water at a quarter to ten in the morning on the beach. Air 18° Réau., or 72½° Fahr.; water 18° Réau., or 68° Fahr. A queer local custom is that the women bathe either in no costume at all, or next to none as they may prefer; and the men despise alternatives or compromises, and simply wear nothing at all. I must do them the justice to say that fifty yards of beach or less intervene between the nymphs and the tritons; but the Chinese workmen on the jetty between, with all their submissiveness and stolidity, look as if they thought this a peculiar custom. In contrast, curious to those who know Japan, a hundred yards away some neat little Japanese

maidens of very low degree—the lowest, in fact—were going into the water attired in "calegons de bain," and even "peignoirs," amidst vulgar chaff from the Chinese wood-stackers busy with the wood-piles. I am only speaking of one bathing-beach, for in fact there are several others, and all well provided with ladies' bathing-houses built out into the sea, and reached by a plank.

July 7.—Visit to the Greek Church, called Uspenskii Sobor, with Dr. M., an old "China hand." A pope in golden dress and golden hair down to his shoulders, with a loud bass voice, officiated. The people were very devout; hats are taken off on the very lowest of the church steps outside the door; and during the service the whole congregation, not very unanimously as regards the times of doing so, frequently kneel and cross themselves. A sort of mujik, who might have stepped out of a novel of Tolstoi or Turguèneff, was just in front of me. He had long hair, high boots, and he was evidently "all that there is of most Russian," one who feeds on tea in tumblers, on cigarettes, vodka, and such curious *plats* as *okroshka* (frozen mint soup), *borsch*, and *shchi*. He seemed to be redolent of such queer things, and of leather boots, and he kept prostrating himself face downwards and "knocking head" (kow-tow, as the Chinese say) on the carpet.

There was a first Communion of babies, who came "in arms," a new kind of church parade, and an interesting sight. Each mother or nurse lighted a fresh candle as she took her place with her infant.

The place was ill-ventilated, which is common in cold climates. In token that this is cold, the church had about a dozen enormous stoves, for winter warming, round its walls inside. No wonder, for although Vladivostok is further south than Nice, the temperature, which in summer climbs occasionally to 100° Fahr., sinks in winter to minus 28° Fahr., or sixty degrees of frost, when the ground freezes to seven feet down, and for three months and a half the harbor is locked in ice. The

Japanese warm current, called the Black Stream (Kuro-Siwo), does not reach so far north-west, and *en revanche* a cold current flows from the Arctic regions. An absurd scheme has been mooted for damming this cold current by a breakwater and bridge from the mainland to the Island of Saghalien!

In the evening a troupe of Russian players who had come across the Asiatic continent from European Russia, performed "Boccaccio" in the hotel. Later on they did "Mushketeri," i.e., "Les Mousquetaires." There were a few ladies in the auditorium, but a fine show of droshkas outside the hotel, and inside a grand display of uniforms—gold buttons, epaulettes, crape on left arms, tiny dirks of parade, and spurs.

July 9.—Drove down in a droshka to the railway station, a solid red brick building, with an inscription in Russian, "9,877 versts from Saint Petersburg," that is to say, 6,580 miles, a verst being about two-thirds of a mile, a kilomètre. The railway when completed will really be about 4,900 miles long; that is to say, longer than the Canadian Pacific, which is about 3,050. The objects of the Siberian Railway are stated in an interesting paper supposed to be by the late Colonel Voloshinoff, of the General Staff. They seem to be as follows: Rapid and unimpeded movements of troops and war material from European Russia to Vladivostok on Russian ground all the way. Secondly, the making of Vladivostok into a permanent and impregnable basis for the Russian fleet in the Pacific. Thirdly, the development of Siberia and its fusion with European Russia. Fourthly, the spread of Greek Church Christianity among the Siberian heathen. Fifthly, the opening of new markets, inaccessible to foreign competition, for Russian wares, etc.—a magnificent programme, which will be carried out.

Siberia is a Russian Canada, larger and more populous, and, like Canada, it has a great future before it. It is very rich in gold, while there are whole hills of graphite (black-lead) and lapis

lazuli; coal can be picked up on the very road near Nerchinsk; there is silver in the same district, and there are rich mines of iron near Nikolaefsk. Siberia, like Canada, is rich in fish. On the Amur River I was told that two hundred thousand *puds* of the kita fish have been caught within a few weeks in August, when the fish ascend the rivers: the *pud* (pood) being forty pounds; that means eight million pounds of fish. In the Khabarovka Museum is a stuffed kaluga fish weighing thirty *puds*, or twelve hundred pounds, caught in the Amur.

The Russians have been struck by the fact "that the prosperity of Canada and its productive activity have grown, and continue to grow, with a rapidity which appears to us (Russians) miraculous, and by us inimitable, just from the date of the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Pacific to the Atlantic Oceans." (I quote from an official report in Russian.) In 1889 they deputed two engineers to observe the Canadian line and its conditions and results. Attention in Russia was drawn to the facts that Canada, a country then of four million people, had, by its own resources, without any pecuniary help from outside, connected the two oceans by an iron road forty-five versts (three thousand miles) long, over very difficult and expensive ground for building, in the short time of four years; that the energetic population of Canada three million six hundred thousand in 1871, and only increased to four million three hundred thousand in 1881, had reached five million a year or two after the first through train passed Winnipeg in 1886; that the quantity of grain carried in Canada had increased from 303,571 tons in 1886 to five hundred thousand tons in 1888; that in places without population there had arisen seven new towns, such as Vancouver, founded only in 1886, and holding nine thousand inhabitants in 1891. It was made known to Russia that "compared with those of the Canadian Railway, the technical conditions of the building of the Siberian Railway were incomparably more favorable, and

that the cost of the latter should not be even sixty-five per cent. of the cost of the Canadian Pacific."

With all these advantages in view, it is no wonder that the Russians are pushing forward the building of the Siberian Railway with all possible alacrity and vigor. Soldiers, convicts, Chinamen, Coreans, are working their hardest, encouraged by good pay and orderly government.

The train goes very slowly through a great part of this extreme far east section of three hundred miles, the reason being that the line traverses so much marshy land (*boloto*), whose presence is shown by the dark water which stands inches deep in the long shallow trenches whence turf has been cut out, and by the beautiful purple iris, lover of marshes, known so well to the tourist in Japan as the "ayamè." There is many a short stop in addition to the stops at the rare stations, and one sees occasionally a young officer, high-booted and spurred, spring out, holding up his dangling scabbard, and spring in again in half a minute with an enormous bouquet of magnificent flowers for a lady friend.

The train has no sleeping cars, but has a padded shelf in each compartment, which by day forms the seat-back, and by night can be let down and turned into a bunk, so that it is practically a sleeping car in all but the curtains. The locomotive has a funnel which broadens out enormously at top. It burns wood. Wood is everywhere, growing in the form, principally, of the silver-barked birch. There are also dwarf oaks with enormous leaves. Fir and pine and the like are conspicuous from their total absence. At the stations are miles and miles of chopped wood stacked high and long. In Canada sawmills would be dealing with piles of wood, but this Siberian timber country does not seem provided like that in Canada with hills and rushing streams to supply power for mills.

At the little log-hut hamlets which grow up by the railway stations the peasant women and little girls have turned out, and line the route, holding

up bottles of milk, strawberries, curds, *kvass* (a bitter-sweet, cooling drink made of grape skins). They are bare-footed, and have blue eyes and yellow hair, with a handkerchief round their heads, and wonderful frocks. The favorite color for Siberian women's and little girls' clothes is red, the children's stockings, when they have any on, being mostly red also. The Mandza—in this term are included Tartars, Chinese, Coreans, etc.—have blouses of very gay designs, looped in at the waist with the black leather belt which all men and boys wear in this region. The blouses are embroidered at the neck and wrists with red thread, and the skirt often shows elaborate adornment. The effect is brilliant. The mutton round the blonde heads of the fair sex is a useful protection against the flies; perhaps the long boots which so many of all ages and sexes wear are also used partly as a protection against these aggressive pests.

Nikolskoye is the principal prairie town at which we stop; it is about one hundred versts, or sixty-six miles, from Vladivostok. It is a considerable town for this part of the world, containing, perhaps, two thousand people, with a Greek church, troikas, and *izvozchiks* to drive them, shanties for the sale of vodka and cigarettes, and other marks of civilization. A Russian officer, who speaks French nicely, tells me that there are old Chinese fortifications here.

July 10th.—In the afternoon, after a thirty-six-hours run to do about three hundred miles (cost one pound sterling), the train arrived at Iman, the end (not the terminus—that will be at St. Petersburg) of the far-easternmost section of the Great Siberian Railway.

The delay here, before embarking on the steamer, enabled me to take a graphic and permanent photograph in my memory of an interesting scene. The Iman River, with its swift current, Russian steamers, Chinese sailing barges, and clumsy Siberian row-boats; soldiers swimming in the river near the bank; a few fireflies flitting about, and a chorus of croaking frogs. Near at

hand, enormous piles of iron-work, sleepers, bolts, etc.; and a few hundred yards away Chinamen and Coreans, busy trundling barrows of earth, and working with pick and shovel at the pushing forward of the line. At Iman are sixty chasseurs and a force of gendarmerie, and many tall, smart-looking fellows were striding about in uniform, with revolver, sword, and spurs. An encampment of little, brown, muscular, half-naked Japanese, who were cooking their alfresco dinner and arranging their mats and their rugs for the night—the yellow mats and bright-colored railway rugs, some representing tiger skins, do duty both as screens and as bedding. These Japanese are to be carpenters in connection with the railway, bridge-builders, etc., for temporary wooden bridges are required. A few yards outside of the group of log-houses that are Iman, the *taiga*—the lonely, unconquered desert—stretches to far away out of sight, with its beautiful carpet of flowers, and its clumps of jungle in which bears and tigers roam. Over all, the flies buzz and bite; the fierce Siberian flies, that take a bit out of your neck, and then go away with their hunger unsatisfied to bite some one else.

The Iman River flows into the Ussuri, and before long we were speeding down that river, with a strong current, on our way northwards into the great river Amur, into which the Ussuri flows, in its turn, near Khabarovka. We passed queer wooden villages, full of Russians, on the right, and far rarer Chinese and Corean villages on the left. On the starboard side we had civilization, on the port, barbarism; on the right bank was Russia, and on the left bank Chinese Manchuria, or Manchurian China. The Russian side appeared far the more settled and populous. The banks show no rugged or imposing scenery; it is pretty, and, in fact, park-like, lined by woods of the ubiquitous silver birch, and occasionally diversified by little cliffs. The placidly flowing river is studded with long jungle-covered islands. At one village quite

a gorgeous Cossack came down to the boat, carrying a sign of office as a headman; a long red staff tipped with white metal at both ends. He was a big man, and looked dignified in a tall fur cap and dark blue uniform. There were a crowd of poor second-class passengers on our deck, picnicking on tea, brewed in their own pots, lumps of sugar, and chunks of salt fish, and bread hacked off with a jack-knife. These said the Cossack was an Ataman, but, I think, this was wrong, for the Ataman is the chief of all the Cossacks in the Russian Empire, I hear.

The immigrants (*pereselentsii*) are, in the main, Cossacks from Zabaikal, or Transbaikalia, which lies east of the great Baikal Lake. To-day, on the Russian bank, I saw a camp of a few score men with ponies, cattle, and boxes: some of the immigrants in question. They will, I suppose, soon put up their own log-huts and plant crops. A French-speaking Russian officer employed on railway construction, says immigrants get each a grant of forty *dessyatines* (say twenty-six *hectares*) of land, for which, in six years, they pay three roubles to the government. He says less lazy people than Cossacks would make fine fortunes here; but that these people remain poor in the midst of the means of wealth.

The same gentleman informs me that the total cost of the railway through Siberia will be three hundred millions of roubles. If it is finished in five years more, as expected, that will come to nearly £3,330,000 expended for each year of the nine years taken to construct it.

I note nothing of the "assimilation" which the Russians are said to practise with regard to "native," i.e., Asiatic races. Russians and Chinese seem on good terms; the latter practically, as is fit, acknowledging the superiority of the former. There are no intermarriages. Russians keep to their own side of the river, and have their Russian wives, and swarms of sturdy, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired children, who make as light of the heat of summer as of the cold of winter. The Chinese or

Manchurian side seems to be perfectly deserted and left to the tigers.

July 12th.—Arrived, early in the afternoon, at Khabarovka, and moored at the "pristañ," or port. The river here is of immense breadth—about a mile I should think; the Ussuri, down which we have come, here meets the Sungari, and both continue their course northwards as the Amur. On the Ussuri we have had the czar's territory on the right and on the left the domains (for the present) of the Bogdo Khan, the Manchu emperor of China. From Khabarovka the Amur leaves the "Divine Khan's" realm behind, and flows through only Russian ground on both banks.

Khabarovka is a wretched-looking little place, about a quarter the size of Vladivostok, although it is the capital of eastern Siberia and the residence of the governor-general. It lies about 49° latitude north, or six degrees north of Vladivostok. In the public garden is a bluff commanding a bird's-eye view of the river, beach, and steamers. Here is a monument, in bronze, to Governor-General Adjutant-General Nikolai Nikolaelevitch Muravief, who took part in two exploring expeditions, 1854, 1855, and gained the title "Amurski" for his services in the acquisition of this Amur region to Russia. The chief street in Khabarovka is called after him Muravief-Amurski. On the statue's pedestal are engraved the names of himself, his wife, about twenty-six military officers, and seven scientific men, who "shared in the toils and dangers of his expeditions." Near the statue is a band-stand, where a military band plays on Sunday evenings; and a little temple of the Blessed Virgin, the Bogoroditza, with painted pictures inside its walls. Further on is a pretty little wood, left for shade. Behind is the governor's house, a fine brick building, with sentries pacing before it. Past the wood a steep path leads to the bathing-place, where one has the choice of wading in from the stony beach, or diving from a regular bathing-house at the end of a dilapidated wooden pier.

July 13th, Saturday (1st July, old style).—An army doctor acquainted with English, who comes to eat at the "Café-restoran," informs me that the population of Khabarovka is six thousand or eight thousand including troops; that of Vladivostok, thirteen thousand troops and three thousand civilians, but I think this is understating it.

The roads about Khabarovka are singularly uninteresting, except by the river. Their only redeeming point is that the boundless *taiga* (jungle) is so near, that a few yards' walk takes you out of the dust to among the wild flowers. Only do not lose your way, or you will starve to death, or perhaps be eaten by tigers! So dry is the ground in summer, that in a roadside arbor, a public resting-place under a clump of trees, is a notice: *Kurit vospreshchayetsa* (It is forbidden to smoke, for fear of raising a prairie-fire. In winter how different must it be! The immense stoves in the churches and dwellings; an old worn-out dog-sledge lying here and there; the habit of the people of wearing fur caps and clothes right through the summer, as if that season were really too short to trouble oneself with a change of costume; the occurrence, now and again, of a dusky, fish-skin attired Tungusian Tartar, some "Gold" or "Orotch," on road or steamer; all these things are signs that 49° north is pretty far north in this part of the world, and that the frozen *tundra* and the encroaching Arctic zone are not far off.

The church, the numerous barracks, the museum, a girls' school, and a triumphal arch of wood erected, like that of Vladivostok, to commemorate the visit of the czarevitch—now czar—on his tour round the world, are objects of interest at Khabarovka. There is also the Military Engineering Department, whose log-hut gives a name to Ingenernaya (street), and the Department of Military Topography, the officer in charge of which received me courteously when introduced by Herr Prelle, the amiable representative of Kunst and Albers. Here, at the

Topographical Department, I bought some excellent Russian maps of all this part of the world: North China, Japan, Corea, Manchuria, and Siberia.

July 17th.—Rain for the first time since three weeks ago; and the thermometer marks a drop to 17° Réau., that is 71° Fahr. Our little steamer, lovingly hugging the barge Olga, her tender—which is full of wood for her furnaces—cleaves her way through the rather muddy waters of the Ussuri at about seven versts—not quite five miles—an hour against current and wind. Both tower and towed are crammed with wood-logs. The consumption of such fuel is very rapid; I hear from a Khabarovka acquaintance, a prison official who talks German, that the small river steamer Muravieff, but little larger than this one, burned sixty *faden* in twenty-four hours, and that a German *faden* is three Russian *arshines*, superficial measurement, and costs four roubles, *i.e.*, eight shillings.

Kukalefski, Veniukovol, Kozlofski, and another village before reaching Iman. We have taken twenty-four hours to skim the current to the second of these, and on July 18th we come to the third of them.

July 19th.—Iman again before 7 A.M., but the train does not start till after lunch. On the 20th we have that meal at Nikolskoye, and on that evening arrive at Vladivostok again.

On the return journey through Corean ports I could not help hearing much about the ill-feeling prevailing between the Japanese and the Europeans, a mere handful residing in Corea. The scowl on the faces of the soldiers of the mikado when a European passed one was also very noticeable, and the way they fingered the triggers of their rifles a little disconcerting, when one reflected how subject some of the Japanese are to outbursts of fanaticism.

The Europeans in Corea were unanimous in their praise of the Japanese powers of combining, and their disciplined obedience to a word of command from their government. Thus, during the war, the word having been passed

not to give any news concerning it to Europeans, every Japanese maintained the most absolute silence on the point, and the Europeans could only conjecture what news had reached the Japanese by watching their rather inexpressive faces. Thus again, six months before the war (for which Japan had been preparing for fifteen years) the Japanese consul at Fusian advised his compatriots to buy up all the land they could buy within Treaty-port limits from Fusian, and this was done.

Three rumored incidents which were subjects of common talk will, if true, indicate the spirit of the Japanese towards non-Japanese, and their determination to have Corea for themselves.

(1) An American gentleman, agent for the Russian firm of Sheveleff & Co., hired, under a Japanese name, a house in the Japanese Concession at Fusian. When the port was opened to foreign trade, the question had arisen of the name to be given to the civilized part of it, the Settlement. It appeared to the Europeans that if it were simply called the "Foreign Settlement," the Japanese would have their own way in it, while they would not reciprocate in the "Japanese Settlement;" it was proposed, therefore, to call the foreign settlement "the Settlement for Europeans and Americans;" but the question was eventually decided, nevertheless, by calling it the Foreign Settlement, in order not to offend the tender susceptibilities of the Japanese by excluding them. The Japanese got free access to the general settlement; but, as was to be expected from people so jealous and exclusive, did not intend to reciprocate in their own ground; and consequently it was soon intimated to the U. S. citizen that he would have to depart. He had referred the case to the Legation of his country, when I was there.

(2) Beans are an article of export from Corea. According to treaty with Japan, the Corean government have the right to interdict the export, in case of apprehended dearth in the country, on giving due notice. In 1894 it did

give such notice; but owing to Japanese objections, the embargo was never enforced. Japan, nevertheless, put in a claim for compensation for losses occasioned to Japanese exporters of beans; the sum claimed was more than the total value of beans annually exported! Corea was distressed, and by the advice of the Chinese resident, China paid the unjust claim, the object being a double one: to temporize with the Japanese, whom the resident knew to be materially stronger, thus averting war; and to pose before the Coreans as a wealthy and magnanimous suzerain State, which could afford to pay poor Japan such a trifle without haggling about it. It is, of course, well known that in the face of the treaties with Japan and other foreign powers entered into by Corea as an independent nation, with the full knowledge of China, China still, *vis-à-vis* Corea, claimed suzerainty, and Corea gladly acknowledged it.

(3) But the most sensational rumor was that of Japan's action with regard to the Corean conspirator Pak. It was as follows: Pak, who had been a pensioner of Japan for twelve years, left Japan for Corea in order to raise a rebellion there and kill the queen. The queen was too quick for Mr. Pak, and sent fifty police to arrest him; but the Japanese troops prevented the arrest. A Japanese transport went to Chemulpo (the *Pireaus* of the capital, Seoul), to take Pak back to Japan; while another transport sought another part of the Corean coast, to take Pak off from there in case the European envoys at Seoul raised objections or protested, at the capital, against proceedings hardly sanctioned by international law. Since then, Pak seems to have succeeded better in a second attempt.

The general idea among the Europeans in Corea was that the Japanese were intending to break their promise to evacuate Liao Tung, and were going to resist Russia's efforts to remove them by force if necessary. The war party was eager, said these residents, to measure Japan's strength with that

of some "white" power. The Russophobe notions prevalent in some countries of Europe find no reception among the white men in Corea. Although "jingoes" in policy, almost to a man, they see in Russia a would-be friendly Christian power, in concert with which the Chinese question might be settled by the partition of China; and in Japan a dangerous rival to European nations, not only in the political but also in the commercial field. The question has become now, not what articles of export the Japanese can make which Europeans make, but what articles the Japanese can *not* make, and cheaper if not better? And this second question will soon have a very laconic and true answer: None.

Such were the rumors and such the anticipations and prognostics which formed the subjects of talk among the few isolated whites in that very strange land, Corea.

M. F. A. F.

From Longman's Magazine.
GOD-BELOVED.

Outside, a long dip of tiled roof, the low white wall half in shadow, save where a clump of willow-herb sunned itself by the window, and flushed the deeper for the pink clouds drifting overhead. Inside, a narrow, stuffy room, made more narrow and more stuffy by the number of people crowded into it, and the heavy smell of long-kept black garments. The kettle was singing noisily on the hob, sending jets of steam over the shining rackons, and a long settle was drawn up close to the hood-end, on which lay an old woman, propped with pillows, and partially covered with a gaudy patchwork quilt. A round table, covered with oil-cloth and laden with an odd assortment of crockery, stood by the settle, and the scent of strong tea and hot butter rose agreeably to the nostrils of the company.

All the women in the room—and there were five besides Mrs. Pond—wore

black clothes of various degrees of antiquity, and two of them likewise carried black-bordered pocket-handkerchiefs, held much in evidence. These were not understood by any one present as implying nearer and more tearful relationship to the woman that had been buried that afternoon, and Mrs. Pond spoke of their excessive display afterwards to Amanda, as be-tokening unseemly pride of possession. But then Mrs. Pond was in a fretful mood; her own black-bordered handkerchief had been found too badly iron-moulded to be shown otherwise than in a neatly-folded square; and to carry a folded handkerchief after a funeral argues want of respect to the corpse. Still she would have considered herself superior to public opinion in this respect, and risked its exhibition in diminished glory, only that Amanda had left it in the back room before she went out, and Mrs. Pond was too proud to ask any one to fetch it. So she lay, rubbing her sore with Providence at not being able to enjoy the talk of her neighbor Martha Dickenson's funeral to the full, and only gave half a mind to the conversation going on around her.

The teacups clattered, the pool of split milks on the table widened out and dribbled in a thin stream on to her square of cherished carpet, and the women, tired of the day's event, nodded and whispered their fresh speculations, and shook their heads ominously over her preoccupation. It was totally unlike Susan Pond to have no heart for a burying; she was failing rapidly. At least, so said Maria Bates, and she being own husband's cousin to Mrs. Pond, certainly ought to know. Presently footsteps became audible, toiling up the bit of hill outside, and the door was pushed open and a man's head thrust in.

The room, with its row of plants blocking up the window, appeared dark to any one coming in, and he stood peering in, half hesitating whether to enter.

"Come thy ways in, Jonathan Bates," called out his wife, waving her pewter

spoon to indicate her whereabouts. "I'm fain to set a bit longer."

The women scraped their chairs aside on the brick floor to make room for him, and thus left as it were to the seat of honor in their midst, Jonathan Bates lowered his bulky form on to the vacant chair and smiled around him genially. Recalled by a nudge from Mrs. Bates to the unsuitability of this expression, and finding the company totally unresponsive thereto, he drew his features down with sudden gloom, and fetching a deep sigh, said:—

"Eh, poor thing; what she's gotten her bit o' time ower."

The women sighed in chorus; this was the usual mode of commencing conversation under the circumstances, and it was agreeable to their sense of etiquette. Still it had already been advanced so often, that sympathetic assent was all that could be expected.

"She was a rare fine figure of a woman too," he continued, with an apologetic glance at his wife, who merely sniffed. "And when she were a gell she had as pretty a voice in t' choir as you might hear far or near."

"There's a deal more wanted to a woman nor a fine voice," said Mrs. Bates reprovingly. She was not gifted with that "excellent thing" herself.

Jonathan Bates shifted his chair nervously and tried back.

"Well, that's as maybe. Howsoever, she's gone, poor body. We all do fade as the leaf, and she were t' second sin' midsummer. There's no sayin' who may go next."

Mrs. Pond stirred uneasily; the newcomer's voice was loud, and rose above the subdued clack of the women.

"I reckon Amanda's late," she said peevishly. "Did ye see owt on her, Jonathan Bates?"

"Nay, that I didn't. Maybe I shouldn't be here now if I had. Maybe Amanda would ha' kep' me to watch them pinky clouds. Amanda is rare set on clouds, and I'm set on Amanda." He laughed a little, then drew up and continued soberly. "But, as I was sayin', Martha Dickenson—"

"Happen John Thomas is set on

clouds too," a younger woman interrupted, with a simper.

Mrs. Pond turned sharply.

"Clouds or no clouds, John Thomas knows my wishes, an' he'll soon break Amanda of them fancies. A sharp, sensible young man he is, an' doin' a fair business, so he tells me."

"It'll be a rare chance for 'Manda," Mrs. Bates said, stirring her tea thoughtfully.

Mrs. Pond bridled slightly.

"That's as maybe. John Thomas hadn't much to boast on till I sent him to Tillbro', an' 'Manda's my own son's gell, though she do favor her mother most. Jane was allus soft an' simple-like."

"Pretty lass," murmured Jonathan Bates below his breath. "Poor, pretty lass!"

Again there sounded a step outside, light and springy, and the door opened to admit a thin, shy-looking girl, with a crop of short hair standing out like a spiky aureole about her head.

She came in slowly, as if unwilling to quit the outer air, and without speaking to any one went over to the window, where she pulled the curtain further aside and stood looking out. The women laughed a little, not unkindly.

"Thee'd better ha' brought him in, Amanda," said one.

"Who?" asked the girl, turning half round and presenting a clear profile against the light.

"Who?" echoed Mrs. Pond scornfully, "as if thee didn't know. Why John Thomas for sure."

"I haven't seen him," and she turned again to the window, ignoring her grandmother's questions.

The pink clouds were fading into a sad purple, but between them and half across the sky stretched a wide lane of pure, pale green, along which a solitary star appeared to be travelling. Jonathan Bates rose cumbrously from his chair and moved alongside her.

"Like as if it might be going home," he whispered with labored breath, following the direction of her eyes.

Amanda drew a little aside and made room for him. Neither spoke, but they

watched the star together, and the bright clear track before it; then the girl's eyes fell till they rested on the dim fields in front, and the white line of highroad that cut its way into the twilight.

"Such a long, straight road to live, and there's ruts, and stones, and dust; and if there isn't dust, there's mud," she cried, half to herself, and then again she looked up at the star. "It don't seem worth while, Mr. Bates."

The old man looked at her compassionately.

"Nay, honey," he said slowly, as if feeling for his words, "you mind there's the flowers, and the little singin' birds i' the hedges."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and gave a little nod back at the gossiping women.

"How much do *they* care for the flowers, Mr. Bates?—or the singin' of the birds? Listen to 'em now."

A tall, sallow-faced spinster had struck the speculative vein, and was haranguing in a plaintive, ill-used key:—

"It always do seem hard to me about them harps," she was saying; "I reckon some on us will have nobbut a dree time, setting round while they plays upon harps. I niver could bide a harp myself; there was a man—a little, long-haired chap—used to come round wi' one when I were i' service over to Skidthorp; a jangling, rattling thing I mind it was; seemed to me like rats a-scampering."

"Happen there mayn't be enough to go round," suggested another timidly, hoping she was not saying anything wicked, "they'd make a strange din like."

"Why, then, there's t' psalms. I reckon we'll hev to sing."

"It's all very well for such as Martha Dickenson," said Mrs. Bates, "she was that set on music. Many's the time I've known Jonathan go round to her house o' nights wi's flute, when I've been fair moidered wi's noise—an' she that pleased to hear it."

"And palms," another woman struck in. "Palms in their hands," read

passon o' Sunday. They've a heavy smell in a room I always think, and they make a sad dust about."

"I niver hev let Amanda bring pa'ms into my house," said Mrs. Pond decidedly. "An' what's more, I niver will. Time enough for them when you haven't got to sweep up the litter, I says. An' Martha Dickenson kep' a sad untidy house."

"Martha Dickenson," said Jonathan Bates, settling himself heavily into his chair, "was t' second sin' midsum-
mer."

"Ay—" all the women drew a sharp breath. "It's like we shall hear of another being struck for death soon."

The old woman on the settle moved fretfully. "Nay, she's t' third, Jonathan," she corrected anxiously; "there was George Thomson, and Grindall's little lad—there weant be any more now a bit."

"No, no, Susan Pond, you're wrong. George Thomson, he belonged to the last lot; he died last back-end, if you'll just think on."

"Ay, he did," corroborated Mrs. Bates. "It was Ellen Jakes, and old John Darby, and George Thomson."

"Dear, dear," crooned a little shrunken creature from a dark corner, "happen it'll be one of us!"

"Eh," said the old man clasping his horny hands, and leaning forward on the arms of his chair, "that's so. We're here to-day, an' gone to-morrow. How do'e feel to-night, Mistress Pond?"

A flush rose on the old woman's shrunken cheeks, and her lips mumbled and quivered while the five black bonnets veered with one accord towards the settle. Then her beady eyes snapped, and half rising from her pillows she shrilled out with vindictive energy—"Rare an' hearty, thankye, Jonathan Bates. *How's thy Matilda?*"

"'Tilda?" he repeated in a bewildered tone. "'Tilda?' he broke off helplessly, and looked round in a dazed manner at his wife. Something was inferred which he did not rightly understand. What had he said?

Mrs. Bates rose and tightened her shawl with a resentful twitch.

"'Tilda's perked up a goodish bit of late," she said confidently, "she ails naught to speak on."

Four black bonnets were tossed behind Mrs. Bates's back with gestures of incredulity which that good woman fortunately failed to see, as she and her husband made their difficult way to the door.

His brow was still anxiously furrowed, and he seemed unable to collect his thoughts, but followed his better half in meek silence.

"A poor dwyng thing is 'Tilda Bates,'" Mrs. Pond said, with the flush still burning feverishly through her wrinkled skin. She eyed her remaining guests threateningly, as if daring them to deny her statement.

They assented volubly, pinning on shawls and sleeking their hair as they did so; no one appeared very anxious to remain for a further gossip; the mental atmosphere of Mrs. Pond's room had become too highly charged for comfort.

"Shut the door quick, 'Manda, it's chill," the old woman said when the last black figure had taken its departure. Her voice sounded weak and unsteady, and she shrank into quite a small bundle beneath the counterpane, watching the girl's movements as her figure crossed in and out of the fire-light, straightening the chairs and putting all to rights. The flames lapped and flickered, and Amanda moved with little light gestures not unlike them, touching a thing and forgetting, and passing on to something else. Her hair was bleached to a pale straw color at the tips, and stood out all round in a soft fluff, like a dimly sketched-in nimbus. It gave her a quaint, unworldly appearance, and 'Tilda Bates held it to be sadly deficient in style.

Presently she lit a rickety paraffin lamp and began a desultory washing-up of the tea-things. Her grandmother fixed her eyes on the lean, sunburnt face bending over the steam, and began to whimper, her knotted hands working convulsively under the clothes:—

"Thee've no more heart nor a seedlin' cabbage, 'Manda Pond, standing there mumchance, when thee've heard what

neighbors say; an' me, thy own grandmother, as brought thee up an' all."

Amanda looked up inquiringly.

"Pond, he scrimped and he scraped nigh on fifty year, an' I made sure I'd live comfortable a bit after he was took, an' hev my bit o' meat reg'lar."

"What's to do now, granny?" the girl said soothingly. "You're over-tired belike. Go to sleep."

"An' them a settin' drinkin' my tea, and a-noddin' an' a-settin' I' their minds as they'd be my bearers," Mrs. Pond continued excitedly; "but they shan't! I'll hev men first."

Amanda left her pots, and coming over to the settle looked down curiously at her grandmother.

"What's come to you?" she asked curtly.

"They've set it to be my turn, 'Manda," Mrs. Pond said with impressive solemnity. A strange sense of importance supported her for the moment, and she spoke with condescending superiority. "Thee's a simple, addle-headed lass, an' thee knows nowt. There's allus been three deaths together I' Thorndyke iver sin' I can remember, and"—her voice broke again into a wail—"there's nobbut 'Tilda Bates n' me; everybody else is as hale an' as hearty as—as *thee*!"

When Amanda drew aside the checked blind in the morning the sun was well up, though still half-hidden behind a veil of mist, and beyond the cold shadow of the cottage the opposite hedge stood out a-drip with dew and all hoary with cobwebs. The light streamed in on the old woman's shrunken face, but she did not rouse save to turn a little on her pillow. Far into the night she had fratched and fretted, and the girl was weary with want of sleep and the closeness of the room. The fresh day outside drew her to the door, and in a moment she had slipped out and was inhaling deep draughts of the keen, sun-kissed air. In two moments the cottage and Mrs. Pond were forgotten; she was half-way across a field, her thin arms outstretched, her delicate face uplifted, her spirit lost in an ecstatic sense of

freedom and the absolute goodness of life. In three, the short-lived glory was dispelled and her further career abruptly checked by the encircling tether of a cloth-clad arm; the flying, unconscious feet had carried her straight into the embrace of John Thomas, who, stepping leisurely from behind a furze-bush, received her thus with jubilation.

"Lord, Amanda!" he gasped, as she tore herself indignantly away and stood half dazed by the sudden change of sentiment; "how queer you did look with your arms stuck up—like as you'd been struck all of a heap! It's well it was only me. Folks would say you was fond, stravagin' round like yon!"

"Maybe I am, then—I" some things."

She eyed him askance through her lashes; her face was crimson with mortification at being caught in her moment of expansion—by John Thomas, of all people!

"Nay, I was only chaffin'. But, Lord!"—he stifled another laugh, and continued more seriously—"not but what I might have expected you'd be anxious to make it up after the way you treated me yesterday. Never once could I get a-nigh you, and it wouldn't have been much of a holiday for me if it hadn't been for 'Tilda Bates. Real lively and spry she was too, for all she's so ill. Why, I stayed more nor an hour up at the farm with her. You might take a lesson from 'Tilda; she's one as knows how to treat a fellow proper." John Thomas squared his narrow shoulders with an assumption of dignity ill-befitting his stunted form, and spruced up his tie and collar before continuing more affably: "However, my dear, there's time for you to improve before I come here again, and I shall look to you, Amanda, to begin and try to act more fitting. I can't spare to come over again like this more than once in a while; it doesn't do to leave your business if you want to get on in the world, and I'm a pushing man, I am."

He put his hands in his pockets and made a portentous jingle with two odd keys and some small coins, then be-

thought himself, and slipped an arm round the girl's waist with an air of condescending fondness. Amanda involuntarily shrank into herself, but she bore the caress with a sort of dogged indifference. It was her duty to, and all her duties as they occurred in the daily routine were faithfully fulfilled with the same lack of interest, verging on absolute distaste.

To tend Mrs. Pond, and listen with half-yielded ear to her manifold complaints and scoldings; to grow up, wear neat gowns that contracted her chest and twisted round her ankles when she ran; skew her hair up into a tidy knot (there seemed no immediate danger of this last possibility, but Amanda accepted it along with the probable loss of her front teeth); to marry John Thomas; tend her house and her husband, and yield the same half-ear to his long-winded discourse on business and the putting by of money; finally, to grow old herself, and engrossed with household cares and worries—it was what happened to all women, only she wondered vaguely why they seemed so satisfied with it all, so unconscious of the horror of black darkness in which her own fluttering spirit seemed about to be engulfed. The shadow of it loomed over her afresh as she stood there in the bright morning light with John Thomas at her side. She looked curiously at his pallid face framed in its lank, colorless hair, with which she had been familiar since childhood, as if she saw him truly for the first time; and the words came with a rush from her lips, almost before she was aware of them:—

"Oh, if you'd only let me bide, an' take 'Tilda i'stead! I hate Tillbro'—I hate the shop, an' the streets, an' the houses; all set so close till there's no breathing a'most;" she paused, choking, scared at the passion in her own voice. Memories of a week when she had once served in the shop crowded jostling into her brain; the slights and jeers of the other girls at her awkwardness, the dingy light struggling through bales of woollen goods, the smell of cheap fur, the sordid scraping of half-pence by

anxious purchasers—it seemed as if her companion *must* understand how it was with her; but he laughed easily, reassuringly.

"You'll soon get used to it, my girl; not but what it'll be a great rise to you after this place; it's natural you should be a bit mistrustful of yourself, but lor! you'll soon get broken to harness, and you'll be a sight carefuller than 'Tilda. 'Tilda was right enough with the fellows, but she didn't hit it off somehow with women, and of course our trade's mostly with females. Not to say as Aunt Susan's bit o' brass is a more pleasing inheritance than Farmer Bates's bad debts." The felicity of this last expression struck John Thomas so forcibly that he repeated it with increased unction, as though the brass in question were a sweetmeat even then in process of degustation. Then he looked hastily at his watch, ascertained that he had five minutes in which to catch the carriers' cart to Tillbro' and bade Amanda a more than ordinarily tender farewell. The brass had recalled to his mind the fact that she was his only warranty for its future possession.

The girl threw back her head with a gesture of relief when he had departed. It was of no use, he had not understood. Well, she had not expected it. And it was going to be a hot day, she would hurry through her morning's work, and steal out into the fields and forget him. With this intent she sped back to the cottage.

But Mrs. Pond had other designs for her that morning. The old woman woke irritable and depressed, with a sense of duties to be performed in view of her approaching end, and Amanda was never let out of her sight for an instant. The sun might blaze his brightest from the cloudless blue all through the long hours, but no beam of his might enter the low-pitched room that fronted to the north-west. The door must remain shut, too, and the fire be kept up, and Amanda must make little sups in a saucepan to keep up her grandmother's strength as long as might be.

"It's main hard," wailed the old woman, harking back and back to her burthen of the night before; "main hard as it sud be me; an' there's a sight to be looked to before I can die easy. 'Manda, take you the key from yon chiney vase, an' open t' boddom drar o' my ma'ogany chest. Stop! put a clout over t' handles first, thy hands is damp belike, an' they'll dull 'em."

Full of wonderment Amanda obeyed. The mahogany chest was the glory of Mrs. Pond's life; it stood at the foot of her settle, with wool mats bearing a large shell workbox, a tea-caddy, and several framed and glazed memorial cards of the Pond family disposed upon it. It had mother-o'-pearl centres, like little gleaming eyes, let into the handles, and the girl was never allowed to touch it save in the way of reverent rubbings with a duster. Now she opened the drawer and took out some yellowed linen. Mrs. Pond heaved herself up and nodded.

"I've kep' yon," she said, "iver sin' I was wed. It's for my layin' out. I reckoned it'd be summut off color, an' want bleaching. Maria Bates said when she come to see Pond, as his shirt weren't a good white, an' I couldn't bide still for her to go an' say it agen over me. Eh, I wish I could learn thee to wesh as I weshed when *I* were a gell! But thee've no noation of how to set about things. Bring t' tub in here."

Later in the day one or two neighbors looked in and made long faces, and Mrs. Pond grew tremulous and scriptural, and spoke of the vanity of riches, so that word went about that old Pond had saved a sight of money—they didn't know how; probably his hands weren't too clean—and next day several people called with dainties ostentatiously concealed beneath white cloths, and condoled lengthily with the invalid, at the same time incidentally alluding to their long suppressed admiration for certain of her articles of furniture.

Mrs. Bates was the most untiringly regular of these visitants, and her face it was that achieved the greatest triumph of anxiety; but then this was greatly owing to the fact that she had

her own invalid daughter at home, and 'Tilda's peace of mind depended largely upon her mother's daily report of Mrs. Pond's condition.

For if doom did not overtake Mrs. Pond, it had 'Tilda to fall back upon as a second resource. And 'Tilda, sitting up in the flagged kitchen at the farm, with hectic cheeks, and a big shawl muffling her bent shoulders, felt fully cognizant of this, and perked up, or pined, according to the tenor of her mother's bulletins.

Knowing this as she did, it was really inconsiderate of Mrs. Pond, but she never would admit the hopelessness of her condition to Maria Bates. However convinced of it she might be in her own mind, there was always a snap of the eyes, and a quivering toss of the head when Mrs. Bates made her appearance in the doorway; and it got to be full three weeks from the date of Martha Dickenson's funeral, and still the old woman held on tenaciously to her poor frayed thread of life. Maria Bates felt that something ought to be done to expedite matters; suspense was telling upon 'Tilda, and the constant fluctuation between hope and despair threatened to wear her out speedily. In a fit of exasperation she opened her mind to her daughter, and 'Tilda's quick wits rose equal to the occasion.

It was the close of a sultry afternoon, thunder had been threatening all day, and Amanda had moved the row of ruddled plant-pots from the window that she might get what light she could for her work. Mrs. Pond had be-thought her that the black Sunday merino, which she would no longer need, would do very well "made over" for her granddaughter's wear, and the girl was struggling with hot fingers and a hopeless ignorance of the relationship of piece with piece over the pile of unpicked material before her.

"Thee knows, Amanda," came the rasping voice from the settle, "it 'ud be simple waste for thee to hev new black an' let that good gownd go to them as has no call to it. It's bad enough to think o' my bunnet an' caps as will hev to be giv' away. Lor-a-me,

what one has to go through a-thinkin' o' things being turned over careless, an' a-rumpled, an' like enough used promiscus-like i' common. If I could nobbut live to see thee wed, Amanda, an' be sure of a place where thee could put them drars! A-dear, how they will get scrattet when t' men lifts 'em inti t' van! Thee must mind an' hap 'em well wi' blankets— But there, thee's such a shiftless lass, I can't insense thee wi' owt. It's well thee'll hev a husband to look to when I'm took; he's a tight hand, has John Thomas — he favors Pond."

Again that horror of darkness came upon Amanda as a flood, and the scissors fell with a clatter to the floor.

"Granny," she cried suddenly, flinging herself white and scared towards the one faint loophole of escape, "let John Thomas have t' money—all of it—an' t' chest, an' all. He'd be a sight better off wi'out me to hamper 'em. And I'd work in the fields, or tent cows, or ought—I would, willin'!"

"Ay," Mrs. Pond retorted scornfully, "thee'd do owt 'willin'" as would take thee trapsin' about t' country side like a tinker's lass. Now harken to me, Amanda Pond,"—she raised herself with difficulty from her pillow and leant forward, her cap borders quivering with indignation—"I'm not one to let it be said I didn't do what's proper wi' Pond's bit o' brass, nor I'm not one to let John Thomas fool it away wi' Bates's lass neither. An' if thee an' John Thomas fail o' comin' together through will o' thine, I'll tell 'ee what I'll do, 'Manda Pond, *I'll walk!*'"

Amanda stared at her grandmother like one fascinated, fully expecting from the intensity of her anger to see her fall back in a fit; but the threat uttered, the old woman remained in the same position, her gaze riveted on the window, from which she could now see a portion of the road. Amanda turned also, and saw that two figures were coming up the road from Bates's. They were Mrs. Bates and—"Tilda.

"Put that black stuff away, 'Manda, quick!"

The girl obeyed, and when the knock

came at the door Mrs. Pond was sitting well bolstered up with cushions, and every loop and spike of the jetted cap fairly a-bristle.

Mrs. Bates entered with an expression of extreme complacency and dropped warm and conversational into a chair. "Tilda had on a smart hat with little pink roses; her cheeks were very pink too, in bright dabs, like the roses.

"Tilda's been that concerned about you, Mrs. Pond," began the elder woman, "that nothin' would serve but she must just come up an' see you herself."

Mrs. Pond sniffed, and Tilda took up her parable with little sharp catches of her breath and an irrepressible smile. The smile was unfortunate, and Tilda did her best to conform it to an expression of sympathetic concern, but it refused to be so disguised and came out broader than ever.

"I thought I'd like to come an' see you just once more, Mrs. Pond. You see, I'm so much better—a'most well, I might say—an' so you're the *only* one sick hereabouts now—and—of course, we're naturally very sorry about you, and mother an' me thought—thought Amanda might come and stop with us a bit—afterwards, you know."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Bates soothingly, "Jonathan and me's talked it over, an' we thought p'raps it would make you more comfortable like if Amanda was to come to us." She paused for a reply, but still Mrs. Pond maintained the same stony silence, and Amanda snipped bits of thread into a little heap. It was no business of hers.

The visitors glanced significantly at each other, and then Tilda's eye, roving casually round the room, was caught by a strip of merino protruding from beneath the table. "What's that you're busy with, Amanda?" she asked, stirring it inquisitively with her foot. "Dressmaking? What a botch you'll make. I'm going to have Miss Sparks up to do me a new dress for when I go back to Tillbro'. I want all my things getting ready—" Her cough interrupted her, and she sat still, ex-

hausted. Her mother threw herself hastily into the gap, as if anxious to hide its cause.

"Yes, we shall miss not having 'Tilda at home to help; but when Amanda comes I reckon she won't be above puttin' her hand to things a bit." Her voice kept a steady monotone, that 'Tilda might have time to recover herself; but at last the dead silence with which everything was received proved too much for her, and she tossed out in dudgeon.

"Thee may set an' rest outside, if thee must set," she said to her daughter. "What's t' good of it all, now we've done it?"

But 'Tilda, despite her fatigue, was perfectly satisfied; there need be no more tiresome delay on Mrs. Pond's part, she must surely see now that "her turn" was quite unavoidable.

But Mrs. Pond didn't.

"The imperence! The dratted *imperence!* was all she vouchsafed at the time; but it was not anger alone that rendered her incapable of speech; she was turning over something in her mind, and presently, when Amanda had picked up her work and was beginning to sew again, her grandmother stopped her, saying:—

"Thee may hap that up, an' put en' away. It wean't be wanted."

Her voice sounded calm and easy, she folded her withered hands placidly before her, and took a long survey of all her cherished possessions.

"A silly thing; a poor silly thing. I tell 'ee, Amanda, I see death written on her face as plain as plain. There'll be no needcessity for me to go yet awhile after all. She might hev giv' in at first, an' not tried to put it on a old 'oman like me, as has a deal to see to, an' property to dispose on, an' all. Thee may fry a bit o' bacon for tea, 'Manda, I could fancy summut tasty."

During the meal Mrs. Pond disengaged with unwonted amiability, though her mind still ran on the same topic.

"How many gells is there in t' parish of an age wi' 'Tilda?" she asked suddenly.

Amanda enumerated them.

"Seven; they'd want eight. They'll be bound to hev thee, too."

"What for?"

"For bearers, child, in course. Eight gells i' white frocks an' hats. It's a pretty sight when they're all well of a size."

"But she says she's better, granny," Amanda remonstrated in surprise.

"She hain't—an' she's feared—that's what she come about to-day. An' she'll hev hurt hersen i' doin' so. I tell 'ee what," Mrs. Pond spoke with rising excitement and a vindictive gleam in her eye, "thee shall leave tea-things, an' run away down to Hewson's an' buy that white stuff thee was a-talkin' on a while back, to be ready; an' thee can consult 'Tilda about t' makin' on it."

Now the desire of Amanda's heart had long gone out to a stripy muslin displayed in the window of the village shop, and during all the hours that she had been struggling with the refractory merino the thought had been lurking in her mind that if only she had had the muslin to make up, the work would never have presented such insuperable difficulties to her fingers. Muslin gowns, however, were contrary to Mrs. Pond's ideas of economy, which ran undeviatingly on Linsey and "well-covered" print, and Amanda had resolutely tried to thrust the alluring vision into the background of forbidden desires. Its sudden appearance in the region of possibility savoried to her almost of blood money; it was as if she should purchase her desire at the price of 'Tilda's life, so she pressed her hands together tightly on her lap, and offered resistance to the devil. "I'll get it in t' morning," she said quietly, to satisfy the old woman, and with no trace of the struggle visible on her face, though she was sure she was refusing her only chance of possessing it. But Mrs. Pond was in no condition to brook delay.

"Nay, thee mun gan to-once; thee's slow, thee can't make a frock in a sittin', an' happen it'll be wanted quick."

"But there's a storm threatening, I'll

happen get wet," the girl ventured, catching at a straw.

"Thee bean't sugar—nor yet salt—an' I never heard tell thee minded a wettin' afore. Get away, I tell 'ee, quick—an' mind thee tells Hewson to let thee hev it cheap!" she shrilled out, as Amanda, nothing loth to be compelled to follow her own inclination, reached down her hat and set off to do her bidding. After all, she thought to herself, as she went slowly along in the dusty trodden grass by the roadside, buying the muslin would not make "Tilda die any quicker; that was all nonsense, her grandmother was upset and feverish, it was best to humor her; and then she began to think about the delights of the new gown, and insensibly her steps quickened. She actually laughed to herself as she ran round the last curve of the road, and by the time she sat fingering the stuff in Hewson's shop, with a would-be discriminating touch, she was quite stiff with pride and importance.

"Then Mistress Pond must be looking up again, sure-ly," said Robert Hewson, as he measured off the required length.

"I think she's took a turn," Amanda said cautiously.

Then she was out of the shop again, with the precious parcel in her arms. No such hurry now, though there was a mile of road before her, and the sky loomed heavier. The air was a relief to her after being shut up so long in the little close room, and she could take the short cut by the mill sluice, and so shorten the way by a third.

Once in the field she slackened speed, and made a little hole in the paper. How nice it looked, the thick striped muslin, so cool and fresh after the dusty merino!

She made the hole bigger, in order to admire it afresh.

Then the awful thought obtruded itself, supposing if, after all—after all, her grandmother came to herself in a few hours again, and would not let her keep it? It would be harder than ever now, having actually carried it from

the shop, if she had to forego its possession. Amanda stood still for a moment, her wistful eyes glued to the peep-hole while this dread contingency racked her thoughts; then she dropped on the grass, and began untying the string with rapid fingers. Soon it was stripped of its paper, and she tossed out the yards of stuff this way, and that; and then with a sudden thought she draped it deftly round her shoulders—very daintily and carefully, lest it should crush, and then ran up the steep bank, and peeped over at her own reflection in the mill dam.

To think that that white apparition with the pleased eyes was herself, Amanda Pond! Something yet was wanting to complete the effect, and she began to twine together clumps of golden hawkweed, and delicate cow-parsley, quite forgetting the gathering clouds over head, till a sudden rattle of heavy drops reminded her of the fact, and she sprang hastily to her feet. The paper, where was it?—far down the field, whither it had been sportively butted by a couple of young calves at play; and meantime the precious muslin would be spoiled before ever she could make it up. Amanda flung down her half-made wreath, and tore off full tilt along the bank for the sluice gate.

It was Jonathan Bates that found her afterwards, with the muslin still clinging round her, and a long water weed wound about her neck like a garland. Either she had slipped on the treacherous wood-work, half-spongy with moss and slime, or the one lightning flash had dazzled her eyes, and caused her to mistake her footing.

"It's all one, whichever it were," said the old man simply, standing bare-headed and sorrowful beside Mrs. Pond's settle. "I' little lass hev gone home afore any of us. Thee may set thy mind easy to bide w' us a bit longer, Mistress Pond, an' eh', but sh've been spared a mort o' trouble, hev Amanda."

M. B. HARDIE.

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PURCELL AND THE MAKING OF MUSICAL ENGLAND.

Purcell is the name being heard for the moment above every name—at any rate, by musical people. England, in this “fin-de-siècle” age, is awaking to a sense of her importance in music. Britain to-day is famous in commerce, steam, literature, and even in painting; but long before these were here this England held a foremost place in another way. Our country could well have been the admiration of the world for her musical supremacy, had such conceits troubled the hearts of our ancestors. They did not. We do not pretend that in Purcell we have a Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven, who until these later days has been undiscovered, neglected, and wholly forgotten; but it can be maintained that this notable musician (who was born thirty years before Handel, and who died while the German master was yet a boy) paved the way for Handel in this country, and that but for Purcell the composer of the “Messiah” oratorio would probably never have become Handel as he is known to-day.

Save to a few inquiring minds, Britain's musical past is an unknown matter—an element as visionary in its character as the palæolithic life that once trod the Western world. Historians have avoided it; few records remain to speak for themselves; and only one can be found here and there, among the many thousands of practising musicians, who feels it incumbent upon him to ascertain from what beginnings the vast machinery of musical art in Britain to-day had its origin. For the majority it is sufficient to reflect upon what we are musically, leaving the question of what we were, back down the ages, to antiquarian folk who delight to make searchings. In this way a splendid unstoried record of England's musical supremacy in early times is missed. Thanks to the patient industry of a few fervent musicians of inquiring tendencies, sufficient material has been traced, and rescued from sinking deeper and deeper into the obscurity of oblivion, to show that for invention and learning, in the early years of mu-

sic's first growth and development, Britain was far and far in advance of any nation when the art, with the migration of the races westward, settled in the European countries, where it has since developed so wondrously.

How it fell to this country to take this leading part can never be known; but the fact remains, and it is this knowledge that is at the bottom of all that is being done to-day in honoring Purcell, and in celebrating—as it should be celebrated—the bicentenary of the passing away of so remarkable a musician. All must understand that while Purcell was a native musician, who deserves to be honored by an art-loving people, he was only a link in a long chain of music-makers represented in present-day times by Sullivan, Stanford, Stainer, and Parry; or, to take their immediate predecessors, by Sterndale Bennett, Bishop, Balfe, Wallace, Goss, and others.

Were we to continue back this line of native composers, it would extend long past Purcell—undoubtedly the greatest musician that England has had, considering the period and his influence upon the art—to times in our national history when any claim that could have been preferred to being nationally great would have turned, not upon our navigation, military prowess, or social position, but upon our superiority in the world of music,—so all in all was music to our far-off ancestors. In this peaceful art, England, as recent researches show, then surpassed the world. So decidedly was this the case—as we shall see when we become familiar with what was accomplished here musically as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—that it is difficult to imagine how we could have lost the proud position we then held. Nor is it less perplexing to understand how, considering that superiority, it has come to pass that every historian, foreign and native alike, neglected Britain's share in the making and moulding of the art, until finally this country was relegated to the realms of “nowhere” in the musical state—a subversion of the true condition of affairs that has won for us the unenviable and not-easily-to-be-eradicated reputation of being the great un-

musical power of Europe. Happily something is being done to remedy this state of things, and to get musical history—particularly so far as England is concerned—revised according as it should in the future be written.

Some few who dimly realize that England was really musically great somewhere in the long hazy past, are prone to think that this character—this reputed fame—is based wholly upon legendary information. This is not the case. When the story of British music comes to be written it will be found that this country possesses a splendid pedigree. They who think that our edifice of art—good, bad, or indifferent, whichever it be—rests upon a mere wind-bag foundation will be deceived, inasmuch as evidence of a most irrefutable kind shall be advanced to prove that, as early as the year 1250, England was two hundred years and more in front of other musical nations. Then the first Period English School was flourishing—but, unhappily, nearly every vestige of man and work belonging to this school has become lost.

Traditional information respecting prehistoric times throws much light upon music in England long before the inroads of Cæsar and his valorous legions. Nothing of so ancient a character is forthcoming from France, Germany, Italy, or other Western-world countries. We hear of names like Eidiol Gleddyfeud or "Ruddy-sword," Glelwyydd Gavaelvawr or "Brave-grey;" Gwrhir and Gwron, Gwyddon Gaubebon, "the first in the world to make vocal song"—heroic bards who, with many others, not forgetting Gwrgan Varvdrwch, the "bushy-bearded songster," made the Briton's blood run high as they recounted their themes of daring, love, and danger to harp or crwth accompaniment. For centuries the ancient British bards, or their descendants, were listened to in the high places and groves. Many generations of these musicians, by right of descent, lived and lingered here side by side with newcomers—for the person of the bard, unless he took arms, was sacred—until, the Saxon settlement completing itself, these old musical inhabitants of the country drifted to the Welsh mountains

and Highland fastnesses, to preserve a national music still reflected in our Welsh and Scotch songs. In Wales especially did minstrelsy flourish—so much so, that for their guidance the *Leges Walliea*—Welsh Laws setting out the duties, obligations, and privileges of the minstrels—were framed by King Howell, *circa* 900-948. The Saxon scops or scalds, gleemen or "gladdeners of the hall" like Hrothgar's scóp, who, sitting at mead, sang the tale of Fin's offspring and Hnaef of the Scyldings who fell in Friesland; the Danish minstrels—to whom two English kings, Athelstan and Alfred, judging by their doings in their camps, were not inferior; the Norman musicians, with their store of instruments, and more romantic, if less soulful song,—all these kept England disposed towards music until far into the Middle Age. The art introduced by the several conquering races differed much from the affecting natural beauty of Britain's indigenous music; but it contributed to the musical making of the country, and deserves cherishing therefore hardly less than the original national art of the British.

Yet there was something more than secular music in Britain. Long before the stream of Norman minstrel art, sacred music was exercising a beneficial influence. The early British Church possessed sacred music; but this was gradually driven out before the onward march of that new Church music which Augustine brought with him from Rome (A.D. 597). The Gregorian music (evolved by Pope Gregory out of the Greek tetrachords and some existing Ambrosian chants) was heard and loved wherever Augustine and his monks built a church. By its means a deep impression was left upon the minds of those who heard and joined in it; but it is curious that we miss altogether the ecclesiastical flavor in the earliest examples that have come down to us of English music during the first quarter of the thirteenth century. The free and uncontrolled secular music was the first to reflect itself in permanent manuscript form. Church music *per se* was not progressive; the church tones for the "service" and "mass" music were fixed, and only a

heretical offence was the outcome of tampering therewith; but no such restrictions hampered secular music. Hence, when we examine our oldest specimens of regulated secular music, belonging to that early period that followed the splendid discoveries of notation and musical characters by Franco and Guido, we experience the field, and not the cloister, reflected therein. That such music was written amidst the favorable surroundings of the scriptorium of some religious house admits of no doubt, and to that extent we stand indebted to the monks, who helped to transmit such indisputable musical evidence; but these associations have not rooted one specimen of its elegiac grace and outdoor sweetness. These properties remain in the "Cuckoo Song," in which, curiously enough, its composer did not seek to imitate the simple notes of the harbinger of spring, which any modern composer would inevitably have done! "Sumer is icumen in"—for such is the name of the composition—was copied by John Fornsete, monk of Reading, and this with two other pieces of music more recently discovered are the only remnants of what may rightly be called the First English Music School Period. The "Reading" manuscript (Harl. MSS., No. 978) is probably the greatest musical curiosity extant, being unquestionably the oldest piece of polyphonic and canonical music known to be in existence. It proves absolutely that, despite the persistent disregard of England as a musical nation by her Continental neighbors, this country can fearlessly lay claim to a precedence even in musical matters, in those far-off days when constructive music was in its first stages towards becoming the great art which it now is. The piece of music in question is in the handwriting of the thirteenth century, and was certainly written before the year 1228 A.D. That this was not the only composition of its kind of this period, though unhappily all else appears to be lost, can scarcely be doubted. Allowing this, England's musical position at the time (*circa* 1200) was far and away in advance of that of any other country. It is a six-voiced round,—with words of Northumbrian origin,—and is of al-

most priceless value as being the only piece of music in six real parts known to exist before the fifteenth century. The further specimens to which we refer are the Hymn to St. Augustine (Bodley, 572)—written in a Benedictine monastery in Cornwall in the tenth century, and antedating "Sumer is icumen in" by some two hundred and fifty years; together with the *Angelus ad Virginem* hymn (No. 248 in the Arundel Collection), in the handwriting of the thirteenth century, and probably composed, therefore, by one of a small knot of English musicians of this early time, whose names, and almost every vestige of whose identity, have disappeared.

A Second English School sprang up with Dunstable (c. 1400, d. 1458), which actually preceded the Netherlands School—hitherto regarded as the pioneer in European musical thought and practice. Little of Dunstable's work is extant, but testimony to his worth was long preserved on a monument in St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, which disappeared in the great London fire. The British Museum, Vatican, and Liceo Filarmonica di Bologna libraries contain specimens of his compositions, notably a three-part song, "O Rosa Bella," in the Vatican—a composition which, considering the period at which it was written, is really extraordinarily advanced both in its effects and learning. Dunstable stands alone; but that he had musical contemporaries is practically certain.

The battle of Agincourt song (1415), "Our kyng went forth to Normandy," with its Latin refrain, "Deo gracias Anglia, Redde pro Victoria" (it was the custom to add these Latin refrains to the music of the period), belongs to Dunstable's time. This song, with Dunstable, constitute the only links between the English School of 1225 and that of the Second Period one, the early part of the sixteenth century, which included Gilbert Banaster, who in 1482 was being paid forty marks a year as "Master of the Song" and "Teacher of the children in the King's Chapel;" William Cornish (d. 1526), Pigot, and Robert Wydowe, Mus. Bac., Succoror of Wells Cathedral (d. 1505).

John Hamboys, Thomas Saintwix, and

Henry Habington or Abyngdon—the first musicians to take academical degrees in music—come next. These men constituted the Third English School, the archives of which were all lost during the stormy times of the Wars of the Roses.

From this point English music becomes a vast reality. Fairfax, born in the latter part of the fifteenth century, was the first of a band of pre-Reformation musicians who seem to have come to prepare the way for that golden age of music in England—the Elizabethan period—when so many great and glorious musicians rose up to adorn and to bring honor to native art. Taverner, Tye, Marbecke, Tallis,—whose "Responses" are heard to-day in every Protestant Episcopal church in the world,—Byrd, Farrant, and Bull; the famous English madrigalists—Morley, Kirbye, Dowland, Weelkes, Wilbye, and Benet; Orlando Gibbons,—Charles I.'s favorite,—Child, Lawes, and Locke, the masque composers; Blow and Wise,—all these notable native musicians lead up to Purcell (1658–1695), whose premature decease, just two hundred years ago, robbed the country of a veritable English Mozart.

How England came by its leading musical position so early in the thirteenth century, and possessed musicians who could compose such a work as "Sumer is icumen in," must ever remain a mystery. What we do know, however, is that the neglect to assign to this country her rightful honors and place in the annals of music is as misleading as it is discreditable to historians—some of whom have purposely avoided Britain in their researches. It is satisfactory to feel that this impression cannot be perpetuated. A change has come over things. A laudable spirit has actuated native writers to inquire into the actual history of Britain's art, with the result that the chronological theories respecting the earliest European music schools are all upset. The old writers are proved to be entirely mistaken, and instead of the First Flemish School, with Dufay (*circa* 1350–1432) at its head, which prospered during the latter half of the fifteenth century, being (as was commonly supposed) the

earliest that existed, this honor has now to be awarded to that First English School which flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century. Knowing and realizing all this, we can better fix and understand Purcell, the celebration of whose bicentenary is only that just tribute which should be the portion of one who contributed as bountifully as he did to the splendid musical traditions and treasures of our country.

Henry Purcell was born in 1658, but the day and month of the auspicious event stand unrecorded. There is no record even of his baptism. He came of an undoubted musical stock, his father being a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, singer and master of the choristers, besides which he was a member of the Royal Band, and the copyist at Westminster Abbey—all responsible appointments, the latter one demanding great industry as well as sound musical and literary training. Thus Purcell senior, immortalized by Pepys, was well steeped in ecclesiastical music tradition, a quality which went down in full force to the son. That he might be in close proximity to his work, the father took up his abode in a red-brick, two-storyed dwelling, with tiled gable-roof, in St. Ann's Lane, Old Pye Street, Westminster, under the shadow of the Abbey. In this house the immortal Purcell is supposed to have been born, although all proof is wanting on the point.

At six years of age he lost his father, who left Elizabeth, his wife, with two other sons and a daughter. Fortunately a good uncle, Thomas Purcell, came forward at this juncture, and undertook the fostering of Henry. This uncle, who was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, did well by his nephew. Continuing that early instruction which the child probably had received from his father, he was enabled to get young Purcell into the Chapel Royal Whitehall Choir during the régime when Henry Cooke was master of the boys, thus realizing what had been no doubt the fondest wish of the dead father. We are without details as to young Purcell's behavior and ability as a chorister; but that he went through the usual

routine of school hours and chanting psalms, services, and anthems—receiving instruction in singing, organ-playing, and composition meanwhile—is certain.

He remained as a boy-chorister until the age of fourteen, at which time the treble voice usually breaks. Thus he was under Cooke some six years, and it is to him, therefore, that the honor of moulding young Purcell's musical talent honestly belongs. Cooke dying, he was succeeded by Pelham Humphrey, who held the Chapel Royal organistship for two years. Purcell was appointed copyist to the Abbey at the age of eighteen—a particularly young age for such a post; but he developed such remarkable genius, especially for composition, that it was felt he should be encouraged. To this end his admirable master, Blow, voluntarily resigned the Westminster Abbey organistship in Purcell's favor—only to resume it again, however, on the mournful death of the young Orpheus, fifteen years afterwards.

Purcell was an organist of rare skill and ability, or he could not have filled the distinguished appointment at the Abbey as ably as he did to the day of his death; more than which the chaste character of his anthem and service music, which he played so gracefully, furnishes an index to the style of organ-playing which was his. It is as a composer, however, that he commands our admiration.

It was at the very early age of eleven years that his remarkable talent for moulding and shaping sound began to show itself. From this time until his death there is scarcely a year that did not witness some new composition from his fertile pen. Having held the post of copyist for two years, the young musician in 1678 resigned that position, in order, no doubt, to have leisure to study and employ himself with composition, in which art he both delighted and excelled.

It was no small matter for a youth, as Purcell was, to single himself out thus early in composition at such a period; and to adequately gauge his genius we have only to estimate him by his contemporaries, all of them famous ecclesiastical music composers.

There was his master, Dr. John Blow, whose solid chaste musicianship may be heard in such splendid examples of English church music as the anthems, "I was in the Spirit," "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude," etc.; Locke, associated with the famous "Macbeth" music; Lawes, the masque composer; and church musicians like Clark and Aldrich,—all contemporaries with Purcell, and over whom he towers, in sublimity of musical conception, lofty expression, and exceeding grace.

The estimation in which this great, though young, man was held by his contemporaries is seen in an epistle which Locke one day penned to his junior:—

Dear Harry,—Some of the gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick will honor my poor lodgings with their company this evening, and I would have you come and join them. Bring with thee, Harry, thy last anthem, and also the canon we tried over together at our last meeting.—Thine in all kindness,
M. LOCKE.

Savoy, March 16th.

There is little doubt that the entire profession was with the young musician, and recognizing his great genius, felt impelled to do all that they could to advance his interests.

Purcell married, although the exact date of this event has not transpired. It was either in the year 1680 or 1681, probably the latter. His good uncle Thomas died in 1682, and before that time had executed a power of attorney, which was witnessed by Frances, his beloved nephew Henry's wife. Of this marriage there was a son born in August of 1682. It was baptized in the Abbey as John Baptiste, but did not live out the year. In 1686 another son was born, and christened Thomas, after Purcell's uncle, but this child also died in his infancy. In 1687 came another boy—christened Henry—who survived only two months. The next child was a daughter, 1688, named Frances, after her mother; and in the following year Purcell had the felicity of being the father of yet another son, Edward. There was also another daughter, Mary, who died early. Edward and Frances grew into years, the son becoming a clever musician and organist of St. Mar-

garet's, Westminster; while the daughter married one Leonard Welsted, a poet, thus characterized by Pope in the "Dunciad":—

Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer,
 Beer,
Though stale not ripe; though thin yet
 never clear;
So sweetly mawkish; and so smoothly
 dull;
Heady not strong; o'erflowing though not
 full.

In further recognition of Purcell's remarkable ability, the appointment of organist of the Chapel Royal was given to him upon the decease of Edward Lowe in 1682. This must have brought a substantial addition to his regular income, which, considerably reduced as it was by his resignation of the copyistship of the Abbey, needed supplementing now that he was a family man, with the responsibilities of a home. From events that transpired about this time, it would seem that Purcell was in that condition which is well understood by the word "down." At the close of one of his anthems he writes, "God bless Mr. Henry Purcell. September ye 10th, 1682"—which, coming from a man of twenty-four, with the world open to him, sounds more like an expression of despair than of hope.

Early in the following year he ventured upon his first attempt at publishing, which had to be accomplished at the author's risk and expense. In those days there was no benign music-publisher to hand a substantial cheque to a struggling composer for a sonata or modicum of bass and viol music. The composer had to get his work engraved on copper plates and printed—advertise it—hunt up subscribers, and collect the money,—the last process being worse than all. Gentleman that he was, Purcell went to Cross, jun., the first engraver of the day, for his plates; embellished them with a splendid portrait of himself, and obtained the king's dedication; but withal he lost money by the venture.⁴ His next attempt at publishing ended in a poor result, and was a vilely printed book. It contained the music and words performed at the first public festival in honor of St. Cecilia—November 22, 1683—which patron-

age it would be a laudable thing to see celebrated nowadays.

In this same year Purcell was appointed "composer in ordinary to his Most Sacred Majesty the king," a promotion which singled him out as the leading composer of the time, although he was but twenty-five years old. No particulars are forthcoming of the terms of the appointment; but it should have added materially to the musician's slender income, for, judging from the odes, welcome, and "pièces d'occasions" which he was called upon to compose, the office was far from being a sinecure. Purcell's music satisfied Charles II.—that king who, having a favorite singer, —Gostling,—once perpetrated this: "You may talk as much as you please of your nightingales, but I have a *gostling* who excels them all." At Charles's death James II. continued the patronage until he fled, when it extended into the next reign.

In 1684 came that memorable squabble as to who should supply the new organ for the Temple Church. The contest lay between "Father" Smith and Renatus Harris—the Hill and Willis of the day. Smith secured Purcell to show off his instrument, while Harris engaged Draghi, a brilliant performer of the time. Smith was successful, and his organ stands in the Temple Church to this day. In the following year Purcell was busy erecting an organ and composing anthems for the coronation of James II. in the Abbey; but the next three years are marked by little of import beyond domestic happenings, and a long spell at composition.

In 1688 he again assumed the office of "copyist" of Westminster Abbey, yet only to throw it up once more in 1690. What was his object in taking up and laying down work in this way is not known. It was not from incompetence, or he would hardly have been reappointed. Most likely it was stress of circumstances which obliged him to accept any remunerative musical work that came in his way. His close association with royalty, his pluralities of office, with commissions for theatrical music, should have left him comparatively wealthy. His domestic afflictions were not unparalleled, and as we are

assured that he was quite an exemplary Good Templar, his income should have been equal to the case. Yet in 1689 we find him running the risk of being suspended by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster on account of a money dispute. At the coronation of King William and Queen Mary he had received and claimed as his right the money taken for admission into the organ-loft of persons desirous of being near spectators of that ceremony. This was estimated at a considerable sum, for houses opposite the Abbey were letting for £500 for the occasion. Purcell regarded it as a perquisite, and how the matter was settled history relateth not. Such a perquisite could not well be sustained by any organist; and although Hawkins, the musical historian, says that Purcell was right in the matter, we venture to entirely disagree with him on the point.

From now to the time of his death Purcell's life was one spell of activity at composition. Each year surpassed the other in the number and extent of his works, as if intuitively he was making the best of his time, unconscious the while of the short life before him.

In 1695, six brief years after the brilliant coronation service, one of the chief actors therein was being laid to rest. Queen Mary had died; and to emphasize the solemn occasion of her funeral Purcell composed two anthems—"Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord," and "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts"—compositions of surpassing loftiness and beauty. The music proved Purcell's own death-knell. On the 21st of November of the same year, within sound of solemn evensong in the old Abbey, this son of song passed to "that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." Priest of the muses, he was beloved by all; for he was one of those gentle creatures who from time to time have adorned the art with their grace and genius—men who, God-loved, have invariably died young. Beneath the organ in the venerable pile was Purcell rested "in a magnificent manner," as became "a very great master of music"—a fit spot for one who had

shaped its harmonies so wondrously and so fervently.

Here was a nation's loss. Fittingly enough, the poet-laureate raised the lyre to sing the requiem due. The strains of Dryden's fine ode on the death of Purcell hardly need quoting. How highly the poet estimated the musician, however, will be remembered by his happy allusions to the alarm of the feathered songsters, and to the master's unended labors among the angelic choir:—

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes
from high,
Let down the scale of music from the
sky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the
way they sung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful
voice,
Lament his lot.

Purcell possessed one of those natures of which we are accustomed to say that they are "easily led." Retiring and modest in the extreme, as the prefaces and dedications to his works too well testify, we meet with no single instance of strife or unfriendliness throughout his career. It is to be feared that his constitution was always delicate, and that this descended to his children. He was beloved by his musical brethren, and joined them at their convivial meetings, which was, perhaps, unwise in the case of one not of robust frame and health. Late hours told upon his fragile frame; and if it is a libel upon Mrs. Purcell to lay the immediate cause of his death to the irate wife keeping him all night on the cold doorstep when he was without his latchkey (or its equivalent), it is more than probable that the Glee and Catch Club hours had as much to do with Purcell's untimely decease as had, say, any night duties at the Abbey. Why there should be such a horror of making Purcell other than a saint and Good Templar surpasses our comprehension.

If we would adequately estimate Purcell's work and influence, we must realize what his exact position in

musical chronology really is. In 1667, when a boy of nine years of age, Purcell penned the three-part song "Sweet Tyranness, I now resign." This was the first of a long list of compositions, of truly remarkable character—if we remember that they were composed before a note of Handel's music had been heard, and long previous to "Papa" Haydn and Mozart being born.

It is not sufficient to trace the musical situation in England up to Charles II.'s reign to rightly estimate Purcell. We must look around. Bach and Handel were unborn; Scarlatti—given to the world within a year of Purcell—had not even shaped the oratorio which Handel was to develop so wondrously; fifty years were to elapse ere the Italian opera was to be heard in this country; Locke's first English opera, "Psyche," had not been written. Before all this Purcell was. It is singular, and even unfortunate, that such a heaven-endowed genius should have been given to England when everything here and around was so musically sterile. Long and long before his time was this wondrous son of art; and when reflecting upon his doings, therefore, we must remember that a Mozart could have accomplished no more. Musical form, construction, and material were as "young" as they well could be. Lully had not invented the overture; recitative had only just been propounded by Carissimi; Italian opera was a new thing to the Neapolitans or any others; the French nation had not had its first slight opera, "La Pastorale," by Cambert; the orchestra of the period consisted of the violin, tenor and bass viols, the harpsichord,—the precursor of the pianoforte,—the theorbo, flute, trumpet and trombone, hautboy, harp, and drum. This was, indeed, poor musical material compared with what was to follow by way of inventions in wind-brass instruments. Yet with such slender musical possibilities Purcell positively became a vocal and instrumental model even for Handel—a composer whom the giant Saxon could copy in form and color—he whose works not all the wealth of modern musical

resource can dislodge from their position of high excellence both in conception and style.

Purcell's twofold genius for composition—sacred and secular—asserted itself from the first. Wherever we look in his compositions, whether in anthem or opera, we are immediately convinced of the exceptional power and genius that he possessed to mould either vocal or instrumental music. With Purcell it was a perfectly natural thing to compose. The traditions of the Abbey, two hundred years ago, led older musicians to delight in the abilities of the youthful choristers, and no direction of talent was more regarded than that of compositions. Living in an atmosphere of music, and with great things expected of them, it was not uncommon for boys to be found capable of composing, as occasion required. Music was neither ground out of them, nor was it imparted with a niggardly hand. These choristers were trained for, and expected to become, church musicians, without any fear and trembling as to how soon they woul'd displace their masters. Hence the order of the musician evolved. During Purcell's pupilage there was another particularly clever boy at the Abbey—Pelham Humphrey—"capable of composing the anthem." Pepys is to be trusted, and his diary says: "The anthem was good after the sermon, being the fifty-first psalm, made for five voices, by one of Captain Cooke's boys—a pretty boy, and they say there are four or five of them that can do as much."

Considering his brief life, Purcell was a most prolific composer. The length, range, and quality of his compositions seem incompatible with a life of only thirty-seven years. If we look first at his secular compositions, we find that he composed no less than twenty-one odes or compositions to celebrate the movements and birthdays of royalty, St. Cecilia festivals, etc. From the year 1677 to that of his death not a year passed but one of these odes was written. The first was on the death of Matthew Locke; another was to cele-

brate the "King's return from Newmarket;" while the last, "Who can from joy refrain?" was in praise of the Duke of Gloucester's birthday (1695).

Purcell's dramatic music surpassed all other of his time. That he was marvellously gifted in this direction—all the more remarkable remembering his perfect church-style of composition—is attested by the number of works for the stage; the readiness with which theatre managers came to him for their music, and the grace and ease with which he hit off the public taste—this too at a time when all foreign musical element was regarded with far greater favor than native work and merit. His labors in this direction extended from his nineteenth year to the close of his life.

His very first attempt at music for the stage stamped him as a born dramatic composer. This was the incidental music to "Epsome Wells," a comedy by Shadwell, that was performed at the Duke's Theatre in 1676. He followed this with a setting of "The Libertine"—a fair sample of the music of which is that beautiful four-part chorus, "In these delightful pleasant groves," known to every choralist. Imagine such work from a native master two hundred and nineteen years ago! Passing by "Abdelazor," a tragedy, the exceedingly fine music to "Timon of Athens" (including an overture, which seems to have been an invention of Purcell's as much as of Lully's), "The Virtuous Wife," and "Theodosius," produced at the Duke's Theatre, we come to "Dido and Æneas," that early sample of English dramatic music which particularly has made Purcell's name memorable as it is.

"Dido and Æneas," composed in 1680, was first performed at a boarding-school for young gentlewomen at "Chelsey," kept by one Josiah Priest, a dancing-master. What took the future Abbey organist thus far westwards has not transpired, but possibly—genius that he was—he was not above a regular seat at the harpsichord, while the young ladies benefited by Mr.

Priest's terpsichorean method and practice. An opera—something that the engaging scholars could act and sing in—would, sooner or later, be a natural consequence; and doubtless this supplies the explanation of the boarding-school connection with "Dido and Æneas," or possibly dancing-master and musician were collaborating (as they did in "King Arthur.") Examined by the light of to-day, it is indeed a remarkable work.

In 1685 Purcell composed some masterly dramatic music to "Circe," and in the following year wrote the music that was adapted to the "Lillibullero" song-music, so stirring that it has the credit of contributing to the 1688 Revolution, and of singing "a deluded prince out of the three kingdoms." Then there followed in rapid succession the "Tyrannic Love" and "A Fool's Preference" music, in which latter Mountford, "who sang a clear counter-tenor, and had a melodius throat,"¹ used to sing. Still the stage enchain'd Purcell, and in 1690—the year that gave us "The Tempest" music—no less than three other dramatic works came from the fertile pen—viz., "Diocletian, or, The Prophetess," "The Massacre of Paris," and "Amphytrion." Here was music enough, even were no other branches of the art occupying the master's mind this while. "The Tempest" music, singularly beautiful in its graceful conception and peculiar English harmony, is thoroughly characteristic of the native style. Few who read this will have forgotten the smiling grace of "Come unto these yellow sands," or the lofty dignity of "Full Fathom Five"—two excerpts stamped with the impress of a distinct English-school style.

In 1691 Purcell gave the world the famous "King Arthur" music, the sterling character of which has preserved its fame to this day. Dryden wrote the words, and Mr. Josiah Priest contributed the dances. The work was very successful, and pleased so much that the theatre manager so jealously guarded the score that eventually it was "unhappily lost!" Nearly a hun-

¹ Colley Cibber.

dred years after its composer's death the work was performed amid much enthusiasm at Drury Lane Theatre (1770), since which time it has constantly attracted the attention of all musical scholars for its vigorous beauty as well as its striking originality. Three years before his death (1692) Purcell produced among other dramatic music "The Indian Queen"—containing such splendid pieces as "Ye twice ten hundred deities," "By the croaking of the toad," and that lovely song "I attempt from love's sickness," an "Oedipus" setting—and "The Fairy Queen," an opera, the score of which also was lost, and could not be discovered though £20 was offered for it. But that both its instrumental and vocal music was of Purcell's usual high order was certain from the selections which have come down, as well as from the success that attended the production of the work.

The year 1693 brought forth "The Old Bachelor," "The Richmond Heiress," "The Maid's Last Prayer," and a setting of "Henry the Second," and in the following year the fertile master's music to "Don Quixote," in which occurs the oft-referred-to "Let the dreadful engines," was given to the world. Four other works for the stage came with this year, and no less than six dramatic compositions mark the fatal—the last—year of this glorious life. In all, Purcell wrote between forty and fifty works for the stage—operas, comedies, tragedies, and incidental music, which, considering their exceeding high order, must be accounted fully worthy of a short life like his.

Among the miscellaneous music composed by Purcell was the Lord Mayor's Show music in 1682; an elegy on the death of his friend John Playford's son; the St. Cecilia's Festival music for 1683; a Yorkshire Feast song, entitled "A Son, Edward, born;" and two Latin elegies on the queen. He also wrote the "Sonatas of Three Parts" for two violins and bass to the harpsichord or organ—one of which, more chaste and beautiful than the rest,

has won distinction as the "Golden" sonata.

Purcell's sacred music is all important, since he is the brightest ornament among English church musicians. Many such were before and after him; but no name, it may be safely said, will stand out beyond Purcell's as a church musician. His sacred compositions are as numerous as they are grand in lofty dignity and beauty. Under this head there are nearly eighty compositions, embracing anthems, "services," settings of the Canticles, including the famous "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," etc. To this day they are favorites at our cathedrals and churches, and those familiar with church musical practice will readily testify that scarcely a week passes without one of Purcell's anthems finding its way into a choir list. Most of these were written in Purcell's capacity as organist and master of the choir of Westminster Abbey; but a few of them were called forth by special occasions. Thus, "I was glad," and "My heart is inditing," were composed for James II's coronation in Westminster Abbey (1685); "Blessed are they that fear the Lord" was written in honor of the queen's pregnancy in 1688; "Behold, I bring you good tidings," with its double E, was to show off Gostling's stupendous deep bass voice, which Charles II. loved to hear. That yet more remarkable anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," with a bass solo part descending to D, was set by Purcell at Gostling's request, out of deep gratitude for deliverance from a watery grave, when the king, the Duke of York, and party (of which Mr. Gostling was a member) were testing a new yacht off the Kentish coast.

Purcell's "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" for choir, orchestra, and organ, were composed for a celebration of St. Cecilia's Day in 1694 (the year before his death), and were for eighteen years annually performed at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Paul's. They are the earliest known orchestral setting of these canticles, and if, as seems probable, he had no model, one

cannot but be struck with their boldness of design for so early a time.

It is to be regretted that no complete edition of Purcell's compositions is yet prepared; but his music is so widely scattered in various libraries that it is a difficult undertaking to get it together. The Purcell Society took up the matter; but unfortunately the progress is very slow. Messrs. Novello have published the chief of the anthems and service settings; and not a little has been produced by Playford (1667), Bently (1681), Carr (1690), May (1695), the "Musical Antiquarian Society," etc. No nobler monument could be erected to Purcell than a complete collection of his works, and it is to be hoped that England will some day have this. It is a pity that it is not to be the permanent memorial of the bicentenary now being celebrated.

Purcell's musical style and influence can never be overrated in this country. No one before him had at all approached his harmonious method and manner—cast in so rare a mould that when that great master of English music, Blow, who shaped the budding genius of young Purcell, came to be buried, it was considered honorable to his memory to grace his tombstone with the words, "Master to the famous Mr. H. Purcell."

Purcell was thoroughly English. The charming ideas, the striking rhythm, the appropriate modulation, the whole exalted tenor and drift of his music, were begotten and cultivated amid the London air which he breathed; and although he elected, towards the close of his life, to study and imitate the Italian style, yet nowhere do we find him losing hold of the native musical character. Purcell's was an unfortunate age for indigenous art, there being little or no disposition for scientific music—particularly that which was English. Had matters been otherwise, a permanent national style might have been inaugurated by Purcell, and English art have become once more established in England. Purcell saw that to make professional headway he must work the Italian manner,

surely coming into favor. But for this imitation he might have been the English Handel, equally in fertility as in conception and grandeur.

It was in the "Preface to the Sonatas of Three Parts" that we find Purcell frankly confessing that he has "faithfully endeavored a just imitation of the most fam'd *Italian Masters*; principally to bring the Seriousness and gravity of that sort of Musick into vogue and reputation among our Countrymen, whose humor 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbors." This work was dated 1683, but a comparison of the composer's work before and after that year fails to impress us with any marked change either in merit or manner. "Dido and Aeneas" (1680) is not a whit less inspiring and masterly than "Bonduca, or the British Heroine" (1695), in which such admirable pieces as "Jack, thou'rt a toper," "To Arms!" and "Britons, strike home!" are to be found.

We learn nothing of any journey to Italy, and probably the state of Purcell's exchequer afforded him as much prospect of seeing Italy as it did Mount Gilboa. He must therefore have acquired his knowledge from available scores in libraries to which he had access. Carissimi, Stradella, Colonna, etc., were his models, and in his sonatas for string instruments and harpsichord—pieces that are spirited and full of fancy—he is alleged to have caught not a little of the Italian melodiousness and eloquence. We submit that he could have possessed all this had he never heard the word "Italian." Purcell's was the pure uncorrupted native musical manner—born of Westminster traditions and usage, and particularly identified by that leaning towards the minor keys and coloring—ever the one distinguishing feature of primitive British and bardic music. Trained by Blow, Purcell had a firm, bold style, with a peculiar floating sublimity, unlike anything else in English music.

Unhappily, Purcell was a hundred years before his time; he should have succeeded Handel instead of antedating him, much as the Saxon giant would

have lost by such an arrangement. As it happened, Purcell was fated to give opera to England; and in "Dido and Æneas" (performed here some twenty years before Handel's first opera, "Almira," had been heard at Hamburg, and long before Italian opera had been brought to England) we find everything that a perfect opera-form required—viz., recitative, solos, duets, and choruses, with vocal and instrumental combinations. Thus we may say that he formulated English opera—no small achievement for one of our own musicians. Yet with this invention the public was not well pleased. Purcell possessed all the qualities for a successful dramatic composer—inspiration, thorough English spirit and "catch," erudition, great dramatic power, and a light touch. With these he should have effected wonders for the English lyric drama; but there was absolutely no demand for music-drama in Purcell's day, while long afterwards, as Handel's experiences amply proved, the public were indifferent to opera.

It is customary to regret Purcell's death ere he had the opportunity of bringing his great genius and accomplishments to bear upon the dramatic art of the country by founding a national opera; but with the English temper what it long was in respect to native art, it is unlikely that he would have accomplished more had he lived much later. We can but look back with pride upon having once possessed a genuine English master of dramatic art, and, turning to his operas, etc., seek to catch the spirit and vein of what true English lyric music was and should be. The truly beautiful and scholarly music in "Dido and Æneas," the dramatic force and realistic effects of "King Arthur," the picturesque music to "The Tempest," raise Purcell head and shoulders over all previous operatic workers, English or foreign. Had the English people not been so affected this while with a craze for the foreign style—chiefly light French music—Purcell might have enjoyed the honor of planting English opera in Europe. We should not then have

needed the Italian article. He achieved much, however, in formulating opera; while the healthy vein of his muse—sacred and secular—spreading over the country must have been even more beneficial in his own day than now. No composer of the time possessed the dramatic power and such great loveliness of melodic fluency and freshness as did Purcell. It is these properties which are so strikingly apparent in "King Arthur," "Diocletian," "Dido and Æneas," and "The Tempest"—all of it music which no present-day composer would disdain to write, and which can still be performed without being pronounced "wiggy" or antiquated. Songs like "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" (Diocletian), the stirring and characteristic "Come if you dare" (King Arthur), or the lovely duet, "Two daughters of this aged stream," are gems of art that will always survive. They are sufficient of themselves, even if we had no other of Purcell's work, to show how highly he was gifted with the power of expressing human emotion in its every mood. This is just the quality which a great dramatic composer must have, and Purcell possessed it in a superlative degree.

So far as Purcell is concerned with opera, it may safely be stated that he was the first composer to fix the form of English opera, and that he sufficiently identified himself with it to provide us with examples which will always stamp him as *the* first great master of dramatic-lyric art. Purcell did not seriously advance English opera, because the public thought little of musical drama long before and after Purcell's time; but he has shown us very clearly what it could be. Had there been any disposition towards it, he was certainly the man of all Englishmen blessed with the genius to raise lyric music to its greatest heights. His odes, tragedies, melodies, etc., all prove this.

English church music stood in striking contrast to dramatic-lyric art. There had been a splendid line of pre-Reformation and Elizabethan com-

posers, all pledged to home church-art. The high standard of this English church-school declined with the death of Orlando Gibbons (1625), and subsequent national events made matters worse. But its magnificent vitality could not be stifled. With the Restoration came an outburst of new musical life—with Purcell at its head—to assert yet once again the glorious beauty of the cathedral anthem and “service” through a wealth of native ecclesiastical music which, if not so stately and sublime as that which preceded it, was, nevertheless, surpassingly beautiful in its melodic flow and graceful expression.

Charles II. did not relish the church style of Tallis, Byrd, and Gibbons; and Purcell was forced to frame his church music after the mind of his royal master. This accounts for a marked change in the nature of the Purcell-period anthem and “service” and that of the grand Elizabethan period. The “full” anthem was the fashion before the Restoration; but with Charles II. came “verse” anthems, having light concerted pieces, and twirling accompaniments—all tending to spare the monarch from tedium or monotony. This might have hampered many an earnest musical mind; but Purcell, equal to the occasion, composed anthem after anthem, which for grace and beauty must have astonished Stuart himself. Yet, wherever Purcell introduces a chorus, his power of writing “full” vocal music is unquestionably demonstrated. A splendid instance of this is, “O, all ye people, clap your hands;” while a chaste sample of the “verse” style is the “Bell” anthem, “Rejoice in the Lord alway,” or, “Thy word is a lantern.” Then, what could be more chaste, classical, and learned than the full anthem in eight parts, “O Lord, God of hosts?” Purcell could have done immeasurably more for church music had it not been for Charles II.’s light and frivolous tendencies in the matter of music, whether for his revels or devotions—a taste which had to be met by the “Composer in Ordinary.” He could readily have

lifted sacred music to that high level of sublimity and learning which characterized it a hundred years previously, but, like many other creatures of circumstance, he had to think of his “bread and cheese” and play up to his royal master, who preferred melody to learning in the music set before him.¹

Yet the demands of taste and fashion, if they affected the outward form, could not reach the spirit of Purcell’s music. This was ever lofty and sublime in tone, abounding in grace and beauty. It is here that we find Purcell anticipating the grandeur of Handel, and surpassing all his countrymen—whether before or after him—in the rich drift and vein of his muse. The peculiar and prevailing tone that we find in Purcell is possessed by no other composer, and can only be compared with the great masters at their sweetest, grandest moments. It is this sustaining atmosphere which Purcell has thrown over English music which singles him out from all native musicians. It is the character which Handel caught to such perfection, and but for which his oratorios would never have reached the hearts of the English people. The composer of the “Messiah” studied Purcell intently, and gathered from his works all that spirit and tone which anglicize these Bible settings. It may honestly be declared that if Purcell had never lived Handel’s oratorios would never have been written. They contain nothing that Purcell has not anticipated, and whether in their solos, concerted music, choruses, or the like, a comparison with the Purcell scores will demonstrate that our countryman possessed—though he was so ill-starred as not to be able to bring out—all the qualifications which made Handel so successful here. With Purcell the key to the situation, Handel seized the means and unlocked the hearts of the great British public. A study of Purcell’s church

¹ Not to be too musically hard on this monarch—as witty as he was unwise and courteous—it must be admitted that he rendered great service to music here by bringing Cambert and his violinists from France, as well as in re-establishing the Chapel Royal services.

music—especially such as the famous “Te Deum” and “Jubilate”—having orchestral accompaniments will disclose his great mastery of fugue, canon, and all that contrapuntal learning combined with fine harmony and brilliant melody which we admire so much in Handel but lose sight of in Purcell. If only for having been helpful to Handel, Purcell’s musical worth and reputation must always be ranked exceedingly high.

Purcell’s influence on Handel is past all estimate. To listen to Purcell’s “Te Deum” and “Jubilate,” and to be familiar with Handel’s “Utrecht” “Te Deum” and “Jubilate,” is simply a revelation. That Purcell’s work formed the model for Handel’s, which was written some twenty years later, is palpably apparent in every verse—a point which Dr. Chrysander, Handel’s German biographer, felt bound to admit. Little blame to Handel. If he could, as he did, find his way to English hearts by this assimilation of our church style, why blame him? Yet let us give Purcell the honor due to him. Here, in every respect, Handel copied him. Instances too numerous to mention could be adduced showing Purcell’s influence on Handel. The serenata “Acis and Galatea,” for instance, is but a copy in construction of “Dido and Æneas,” and the two works abound in astonishing parallels, not only in formal ideas but in feeling.

However we regard Purcell musically—whether as a composer for the stage or church, or as an organist—he supplies all that we look for in a master of the art. He is veritably England’s great tone-poet. As an organist he was unrivalled. As a church composer his noble sublimity of style—coupled with deep theoretical erudition, a rare exuberance of fresh melody, perfect harmony, and a fine perception and expression—carry him into the highest walk of sacred musical art. For stage art he was lavishly endowed. He had wonderful dramatic power, and the scarce gift of inducing realism in music. His splendid imaginative faculties, his sense of character and

ability to express it, his fine conception of the English temperament and broad, bold way of setting it forth,—these qualities have been found in so high a degree in no English composer since Purcell. In his day Purcell was the greatest dramatic genius in Europe, surpassing even Handel in his stage realisms and achievements. One fatal condition barred Purcell all through—he was far in advance of his time. Truly should we honor him. He exalted our cathedral music; he made English melody; he framed for us a national opera. Englishman that he was, he was bold and to the fore with every vocal and instrumental possibility; he had no musical equal at home or abroad; his compositions and reputation alike, which have come down to us, single him out as one of the greatest musical minds, not only that England but that the world has produced.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

From Chambers’ Journal.
THE IRISH RAJAH OF HARIANA.
A ROMANTIC EPISODE OF INDIAN HISTORY.

During the later half of the eighteenth century, India was the happy hunting-ground of the European adventurer. It was easy for any dashing soldier of fortune, however humble his origin, however slight his smattering of military knowledge, providing he were acquainted with the rudiments of European discipline and drill, to ingratiate himself with one or other of the numerous independent native sovereigns, and if he played his cards well, he might attain almost unlimited influence and wealth.

The careers of some of these adventurers were singularly romantic, and none more so than that of the remarkable man who is the hero of our present story—George Thomas, sometime of the county Tipperary, and later, rajah of Hariána.

It was in the year 1781 that George

Thomas, then quartermaster on board an English man-of-war, landed in Madras. The son of a small farmer, he had risen from a common sailor to his present position; but rapid as his rise in the service had been—for he was only five-and-twenty—it had by no means kept pace with his ambition. His adventurous, daring spirit had been fired by the accounts he had heard and read of the immense wealth of the Indian princes and the boundless opportunities for advancement which their rivalries and contentions offered to any man of mettle who had the courage and the brains to carve a way to glory with his sword.

Long before the ship dropped anchor off Madras, George Thomas had resolved to take the earliest opportunity of deserting, and following the career to which his ambition beckoned him. Two days after his arrival there, the bold Irishman disappeared, and his shipmates never saw him again.

For five years George Thomas served his apprenticeship as a soldier of fortune among the petty Hindu chiefs of the Carnatic and the Deccan. Having gained some money and a good deal of experience of native manners, customs, and character, the ambitious Irishman determined to plunge into the heart of India and seek a wider field for the exercise of his talents. He made straight for Delhi, the capital of the Great Moguls, and the centre of Mohammedan influence and intrigue in India. There he fell in with the extraordinary woman who was so strangely mixed up with his future career—the Begum Somru.

The begum was at that time an independent sovereign under the protection of the court of Delhi. Her history was remarkable and romantic. She was a native of Cashmere, and had come to Delhi as a dancing-girl. Among the many admirers of her beauty was a European adventurer, known as Somru Sahib, who was then high in favor with the Great Mogul. His real name was Walter Reinhard, and he was a native of the Electorate of Trèves; but his French comrades had nicknamed him

"Sombre," in allusion to his dark complexion and still darker character, and this had been corrupted into Somru in the vernacular. Reinhard was but a ship's carpenter on a French man-of-war when he first came to India; but by his great natural gifts as soldier and organizer, he had risen to be commander-in-chief of the armies of Meer Cossim, the nawab of Bengal. When Meer Cossim was deposed by the English, Somru, who had stained his fame as a gallant soldier by the brutal massacre of one hundred and fifty English prisoners at Patna, was compelled to flee for his life, and was hunted from court to court, till he found refuge in Delhi where his services were gladly accepted. He was granted the province of Sardhána, with the title of rajah, and an annual revenue of six lakhs of rupees (£60,000) for the maintenance of himself and the fine corps of Sepoys which he had raised and disciplined, and which owned no leader but himself.

Fascinated by the beautiful Cashmerian dancing-girl, Somru married her, and she took the title of begum. She was a woman as remarkable for her talents as for her beauty, and soon gained complete ascendancy over her husband. For the fierce and reckless mercenary, destitute alike of faith and honor, had one soft spot in his hard nature, and the begum found it.

On his death in 1778, he bequeathed her all his property and the command of his corps of Sepoys. She proved herself as capable a leader as her husband had been. More than once, mounted on her Persian thoroughbred, she led her men into action under a heavy fire; and their devotion to her was enthusiastic. But outside the ranks of her faithful Sepoys she was more feared than loved. The people of the Deccav believed her to be a witch.

In person she was small, with a graceful, softly rounded figure, a complexion of dazzling fairness, large black eyes full of animation, delicately chiselled features, and a hand and arm of such perfect symmetry that native poets sang of them as matchless won-

ders of beauty. Her dress was always in exquisite taste, and of the costliest material. She spoke Persian and Hindustani fluently. Her manners were charming, and her conversation spirited, sensible, and engaging. But, as a set-off to this long array of personal attractions, her character was detestable. She was cruel, vindictive, and treacherous. If one of her servants displeased or disobeyed her, she would order his nose and ears to be cut off in her presence, and watch the mutilation with gusto, whilst she placidly smoked her hookah.

When one of her dancing-girls offended her by attracting the attention of a favorite officer, she, in a fit of furious jealousy, ordered the unfortunate girl to be buried alive. There was a small vault under the pavement of the saloon in which the nautch-dances were held; and in that vault the begum saw her victim bricked up. When the horrible work was done, she commanded the rest of the nautch-girls to come out and dance over the grave in which their still living sister was entombed. According to one account (denied by some of those who have investigated the story), the begum, that she might extract the last drops of fiendish pleasure out of the cup of revenge, had her couch placed exactly over the vault.

The Begum Somru was a little over thirty when George Thomas arrived at her court. The gallant Irishman flattered her vanity by his undisguised admiration of her charms, but in reality, she was more struck with him than he with her. His tall, commanding figure, his erect and martial carriage, his bold, handsome features, his plausible Irish tongue, and his fascinating Irish manners took the fancy of the begum. She gave him a most gracious reception, and offered him a high post in her service. Thomas accepted the offer, and soon proved himself so capable an officer that the begum made him commander-in-chief of her forces.

It was not long before the Irish adventurer had an opportunity of display-

ing his generalship. There was a revolution in Delhi. Shah Alum, the ruling prince, was driven from his throne and capital by an upstart named Ghorlama Kadir, who had the impudence to ask the begum to be his wife and share with him the crown of the Great Moguls. The offer was scornfully rejected, and the begum at once set off to the assistance of her old friend and ally, with a force of five battalions of Sepoys, two hundred Europeans, mostly Frenchmen, and forty guns; the whole under the command of George Thomas.

Shah Alum was making his last stand against the usurper, and the fortunes of war were going heavily against him, when the Begum Somru in her palanquin at the head of her army arrived upon the field of battle. By his brilliant generalship and the steady valor of his splendidly trained Sepoys, George Thomas turned defeat into victory. The rebels were routed, the usurper was slain, and Shah Alum was securely re-established on his throne. In gratitude for the timely aid of the Begum Somru, Shah Alum, in full durbar, presented her with a magnificent necklace of diamonds, took her by the hand, and before the assembled notables, addressed her as his beloved daughter. Nor was the valor of her general overlooked. George Thomas received a large present in money, a jewelled sword, and the warmest expressions of admiration and gratitude for his services.

The star of the lucky Irishman was now in the ascendant. He became the begum's principal adviser, her grand vizier, in fact. He married a beautiful slave-girl whom she had adopted as her daughter, and was regarded as her certain successor in the sovereignty of Sardhāna.

Then the begum began to repent of having allowed the handsome Irishman to marry any one but herself. Mad with jealousy, she tried to induce Thomas to get rid of his wife; but he was fond of his beautiful slave-girl, and had no mind to exchange her for the begum, whose beauty was on the

wane, and whose temper was that of a tigress.

At this juncture another remarkable person appeared upon the scene, who was destined to play an important part in the Sardhána drama. The new arrival was a Neapolitan named Levassoo, or Le Vassoult, a handsome, clever adventurer, who rapidly gained an extraordinary influence over the fickle begum. He was undoubtedly a man of ability, but stern, haughty, and domineering. His arrogance disgusted all the officers in the begum's service; and when she carried her infatuation for the stranger so far as to marry him, most of them prepared to leave her court. Among these was George Thomas.

It was impossible that one small state should hold two such men as the Irishman and the Neapolitan. They were the deadliest rivals. George Thomas felt that his influence in Sardhána was gone. He knew that the begum and Le Vassoult were plotting his assassination. It was time for him to go; so he went, taking with him his own special regiment of two hundred and fifty picked cavalrymen. A neighboring Mahratta prince granted him a tract of territory for himself and his men, on condition of having their services if required.

But Thomas knew very well that, if he wished to keep his troopers together, he must give them plunder, and as his late mistress, the begum, owed him large arrears of pay, he levied contributions on some of her outlying dominions.

Le Vassoult, glad of an excuse to crush his hated rival, took prompt measures to avenge this outrage, and marched against Thomas at the head of the begum's army. But before the rivals met, dissension and mutiny had done their work amongst the begum's troops. The jealous and imperious Neapolitan had quarrelled with the only competent commander left in the begum's service after Thomas's departure. This man, a native of Liége, was an excellent soldier and popular with the troops, but he was a personal friend

of Thomas's, and that rendered him obnoxious to Le Vassoult, who insulted and degraded him. The Liégeois, in revenge, fostered the spirit of mutiny already smouldering among the men, and, at a preconcerted signal, the bulk of the begum's army, instead of marching against their old leader Thomas, revolted, elected the Liégeois their commander, and announced their intention of deposing the begum and placing a son of Somru by a previous wife upon the throne.

The begum was captured when attempting to escape from her palace. Her palanquin was surrounded by rebel soldiers before Le Vassoult, who was on horseback at the head of a few followers, could reach her. He gathered his handful of cavalry together for a charge. Some shots were exchanged, and there would soon have been a bloody mêlée had not the begum suddenly diverted attention to herself.

Rising in her palanquin, she drew a poniard, plunged it into her breast, and with a shriek, fell back bleeding. Her horrified attendants screamed "Help! help! she has stabbed herself," and there was a general rush to the palanquin.

Le Vassoult, who, whatever his faults may have been, was passionately fond of his wife, reined in his horse and asked what had happened. He was told that the begum had stabbed herself, but he did not seem to comprehend the reply. He repeated the question; the answer was the same.

"Stabbed herself!" he muttered; then, without another word, drew a pistol from his holster, placed it to his forehead, fired, and fell dead from his saddle.

The most picturesque version of this somewhat apocryphal story affirms that before the begum and Le Vassoult left Sardhána they had made a compact that if either were slain, the other would not survive. And the enemies of the begum declared that she, knowing that her husband's romantic disposition and devoted attachment to her would keep him true to his vow, deliberately

pretended to commit suicide in order to free herself from the man whom she saw to be the obstacle in the way of regaining the good-will of her subjects. She merely drew the point of the poniard sharply across her neck so as to bring blood, and her clever acting did the rest!

A prisoner in the hands of her mutinous soldiery, with no one to whom she could turn for help or advice, the begum in her despair bethought herself of the gallant Irishman who had served her so well and whom she had treated so badly. She contrived to send George Thomas a message, abjectly imploring his forgiveness and entreating him to come to her assistance, as she was in hourly dread of being poisoned or stabbed. She would gladly pay any price he might choose to ask for his services.

When was an Irish gentleman ever known to refuse the request of a lady in distress? George Thomas chivalrously forgot and forgave all the treachery of his late mistress and hurried to her assistance. His rapid advance terrified the mutineers, who knew well of what stuff their old leader was made. They promptly deserted the usurper they had set up, and rallied again round their lawful sovereign. The Begum Somru was reinstated before her gallant and generous deliverer came in sight of Sardhána. On his arrival she received him in state and overwhelmed him with gratitude. All her arts and fascinations were brought into play to induce the brave Irishman to become once more her grand vizier. But George Thomas was proof against all her blandishments. He had had experience of her treacherous nature, and had no mind to trust himself again within the reach of this beautiful, velvet-eyed tigress. She professed to be deeply affected at his departure, but she hated him more fiercely than ever because he had rejected her overtures, and she showed him before long that

Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

By this time our Irish adventurer

was tired of serving for pay and being liable at any moment to dismissal at the caprice of an irresponsible ruler. His military fame was great, he had a band of devoted followers whom he had trained into splendid soldiers, the great Mahratta chiefs were eager to purchase his alliance—why should he not set up as a rajah himself? The idea pleased him, and he proceeded to carry it into execution. He had little difficulty in fixing upon a territory to govern. There was one ready to his hand—a sort of No-Man's-Land, which had been seized by one adventurer after another, but never held for any length of time, and for some years had been absolutely without a ruler.

The province on which George Thomas had set his eye was known as Hariána or the Green Country, and was nominally a portion of the dominions of the Great Mogul, who still kept up a shadowy state at Delhi. It extended one hundred and twenty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. Thither George Thomas marched his compact little army, took formal possession of the country, assumed the title of rajah, and selected the town of Hánsi, ninety miles west of Delhi, as his capital.

The new rajah of Hariána soon showed that he was of a different type from its former rulers, who had been freebooters pure and simple. He commenced by pulling down and entirely rebuilding the city of Hánsi—making it not only a strong fortress, but also a commodious town. He granted liberal concessions to merchants and traders as an inducement to settle there; he established a mint and coined his own money; he procured skilled workmen and artificers from Delhi and elsewhere, and set them to construct an arsenal, where he cast cannon and manufactured muskets, gunpowder, and all munitions of war. For he meant to be the rajah of a strong, independent, flourishing, civilized state.

But this was only a part, and a small part, of his ambition. After he had got his foot firmly planted in his new

dominions, he intended to make Hariána a starting-point from which to conquer the whole of the Punjab, not for himself, but for Great Britain. He desired, to use his own words, "to have the honor of planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock."

Like a true Irishman, George Thomas revelled in hard fighting, and he soon had plenty of it on his hands. His war-like neighbors, the Sikhs, resented the new rajah's marauding forays into their country and made reprisals. But they soon found that they had caught a Tartar in this fighting Irishman. Nothing could afford better proof of Thomas's high qualities as a soldier than his victorious campaigns against the Sikhs, that splendid race of warriors, who, forty years later, proved themselves the most formidable foes that England has ever had to fight in India. Yet the Irish rajah of Hariána, with his little army of five thousand men and thirty-six guns, defeated the Sikhs over and over again, forced them to pay him an indemnity of two million rupees, and could proudly boast that he was "Dictator in all the countries belonging to the Sikhs south of the river Sutlej."

We have little doubt that the Irish rajah would not only have subdued the Sikhs, but have carried out his great scheme for the conquest of the Punjab, had not his attention been distracted from it by the dangers which threatened his own sovereignty.

The brilliant successes of the rajah of Hariána against the Sikhs had roused the jealousy of a rival adventurer, a French soldier named Perron, who commanded the armies of Sindhia, the great chief of the Mahrattas. Perron hinted to his master that this Irish upstart was becoming far too powerful and ambitious, and that, if not taken in hand at once, he might some day prove a thorn in the side of Sindhia. The treacherous Begum Somru, too, who was burning for revenge on the man who had slighted her charms, though he had saved her life and restored her to her throne, contrived to instil into the mind of the Mahratta prince

suspicions which served to confirm the hints thrown out by Perron. The consequence was that, when the Sikhs prayed Sindhia to assist them against their dreaded foe, the rajah of Hariána, Sindhia seized the excuse to crush the aspiring foreigner.

But first he tried diplomacy. If Thomas would surrender his sovereignty, and submit to be the vassal of Sindhia, he should be allowed an annual subsidy for the support of himself and his troops.

In the month of September, 1801, Perron and Thomas met at Bahadurgarh to discuss these proposals. The Frenchman's tone offended the Irishman's pride, and he haughtily rejected the conditions offered, though he well knew that his refusal meant war to the knife with Sindhia.

On hearing of Thomas's contemptuous rejection of his terms, the Mahratta prince ordered Perron to despatch a force at once to annihilate the troublesome rajah of Hariána.

The invading army was under the command of a Frenchman, Major Louis Bourguien, a braggart and poltroon, despised by his officers and men. Thomas turned to bay under the walls of his fortress of Georgegarh. He was not greatly outnumbered as yet, for he had six thousand men with thirty-five guns against eight thousand men with thirty-eight guns. After a fierce and obstinate battle, in which Bourguien lost nearly half his force, Thomas remained master of the field. But his loss, too, was severe, upwards of one thousand eight hundred, including his second in command, Captain Hopkins, a brilliant English soldier, whose death was an irreparable misfortune. Had Thomas taken advantage of his victory and pressed Bourguien hard, there can be no doubt that Sindhia's army must have been annihilated, for it was utterly demoralized by the reverse it had sustained, and the foolish Frenchman was quite incapable of restoring order or confidence. But the Irish rajah seemed suddenly to have lost his head. All his old promptitude of action and fertility of resource appeared to have left him.

Not only did he neglect to follow up his victory, but he made no attempt to secure his retreat to Hânsi. For fifteen precious days he remained absolutely idle. It is said that the death of his wife, to whom he was strongly attached, had strangely affected him, and that he drank heavily to drown his sorrow. Whatever the cause, his inaction was fatal to him. Within three weeks of the battle of Georgegarh, Sindhia had thrown an army of thirty thousand men and one hundred and ten guns into Hariâna, and Thomas was hemmed in at Georgegarh by a ring of foes, among the fiercest and foremost of whom were the forces of the Begum Somru.

As the toils closed more and more tightly around him, Thomas recovered his old dauntless spirit. He defended himself with desperate courage against these overwhelming odds, till he saw that the game was up. Then in the pitch darkness of a November night, at the head of three hundred horsemen, he dashed out from Georgegarh, cut his way through the battalions of the enemy, and, after riding one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours, arrived safely at Hânsi.

The garrison of Georgegarh surrendered; but so devoted were they to their Irish chief, that they refused with contempt to serve under Sindhia or any one else. Several of the native officers rent their clothes, and swore that they would rather live as beggars than serve again as soldiers under any chief but their own rajah.

Bourguien lost no time in advancing upon Hânsi. Though his own ignorance and cowardice utterly unfitted him to command an army, he had excellent subordinates on whom he could rely. Among these were half-a-dozen English officers, one of whom, Lieutenant James Skinner, was afterwards celebrated as the founder of "Skinner's Horse," the famous "Yellow Boys."

Hânsi was closely invested, but with such skill and courage did Thomas defend his last stronghold that the besiegers made very little progress.

The city indeed was stormed and taken after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in which the assailants lost nearly two thousand men; but the citadel, which commanded the town, was still held by Thomas, and held so stoutly, that the Frenchman, despairing of ever taking the place by fair means, had recourse to foul. Flights of arrows were shot over the walls of the fort, with letters attached to them promising the garrison six months' pay and permanent service in the army of Sindhia, if they would deliver up their rajah and the fortress.

The English officers were indignant with Bourguien for resorting to treachery, and constantly urged him to offer the Irish commander honorable terms. At last, one day, after tiffin, when wine had put Bourguien in a good temper, he said, in reply to their reiterated protests: "Well, gentlemen, do as you like. He be one damned Englishman, your own countryman. You know him better than I do."

So Captain Smith, the senior English officer, was sent to offer such terms of capitulation as no man of honor and spirit need be ashamed to accept. The Irishman was at his last gasp. Famine and treachery were slowly but surely undermining the fidelity of his troops. He knew his case to be desperate, and he therefore consented to surrender Hânsi and evacuate Hariâna on these conditions: that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the honors of war; that he himself should go free, with all his private property, and be escorted by a battalion of Sepoys until he was safely within the territories of the English East India Company.

The conditions were granted, the treaty of surrender was signed, and the irrepressible Thomas was entertained that night at a banquet given by Bourguien and his officers. The Frenchman vied with the Irishman in quaffing bumpers, and after a drunken quarrel, during which the mad Tipperary "bhoy" chased the terrified Bourguien round the banqueting tent with a drawn sword, they swore eternal friendship, wept in one another's arms,

and finally the ex-rajah of Hariána was escorted back to Hánsi at daybreak in a most undignified state of inebriety.

The conditions of surrender were faithfully carried out, and George Thomas turned his back upon his rajahship of Hariána forever. He had saved out of the wreck of his affairs about £25,000—enough, as he said, to enable him to end his days comfortably as a small squire in Ireland; and he was on his way to Calcutta to take ship for England, when he was seized with fever at Berhampore, and, weakened as he was by his drunken habits, died there on the 22d of August, 1802, at the age of forty-six.

The son of a Tipperary peasant, with little or no education, had risen to be an independent sovereign, had built cities, commanded armies, conquered vast territories, dictated terms to powerful princes, and proved himself a capable ruler as well as a brilliant soldier. Surely, then, we are justified in the assertion that among the careers of military adventurers few have been more successful and none more romantic than that of George Thomas, the Irish rajah of Hariána.

From The Contemporary Review.
MUSCAT.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

Last February telegrams appeared in our papers telling us about an insurrection in Oman, in south-eastern Arabia; the ruling sultan had to betake himself to the old Portuguese forts and sit there to see his town burnt and ransacked by the insurgent Bedouins; a few British subjects were scared, but not killed, and as all was over in a few weeks no one thought much more about it except those more immediately interested, and few paused to think what an important part Muscat has played in the opening up of the Persian Gulf and the suppression of piracy, and what an important part it may yet play should the lordship of the Persian Gulf ever become a *casus belli*.

Between Aden and the Persian Gulf

Muscat is the only harbor where ships of any size can find anchorage, and it may in fact be said to play much the same part with respect to the Persian Gulf that Aden does to the Red Sea, and in many other ways the places are strikingly similar. They are both constructed on arid volcanic rocks, which produce the smallest amount of verdure and reflect the greatest amount of heat; water in both of them is the vital question; they are both fantastic and quaint spots, beautiful to look at, but detestable to live in, and two more cosmopolitan places could hardly be found elsewhere.

The Saeed dynasty, which rules in Muscat, subject of course to British influence, has now been in possession of the sultanate since 1741, and since that time has been subject to many remarkable fluctuations, chiefly having to do with the personality of the ruler himself. Ahmed bin-Saeed, who founded it, was a man of humble origin, but a successful general, who, having succeeded in relieving his country from the Persian yoke and the heavy tribute which it paid to the shah, was elected "imam of Oman." This title had been conferred on the rulers of Oman for centuries, and signifies a sort of priest king, like Melchisedek. The election was always by popular acclamation, and inasmuch as the Omanee do not recognize the imams who succeeded Mohammed, but choose their own, they form a separate sect, and are known as the Ibadhieh or followers of Abdullah-bin-Ibadh, as distinct from the Shiites and Sunnites, amongst whom the rest of Islam is pretty equally divided.

The successors of Ahmed bin-Saeed found the obligations of being imam and the oath which it entailed to fight against the infidel both awkward and irksome, so his grandson, who succeeded in 1779, never assumed the title of imam, but was content with that of sultan, and consequently the imamate of Oman has, with one short exception, been in abeyance ever since.

Sultan Saeed bin-Saeed stands out prominently as the great ruler of Oman, and under his rule Oman and its capital, Muscat, reached the greatest pitch of eminence to be found in all its annals.

He ascended the throne in 1804, and reigned for fifty-two years. He found his country in dire distress at the time of his accession, owing to the attacks of the fanatical Wahabee from central Arabia, who had carried their victorious arms right down to Muscat, and had imposed their bigoted rules and religious regulations on the otherwise liberal-minded Mohammedans of eastern Arabia. With Turkish aid on the one hand and British support on the other, Sultan Saeed succeeded in relieving his country from this terrible scourge, and drove them back into the central province of Nejd, from which they had carried their bloodthirsty and fanatical wars over nearly the whole of the peninsula, and when all fear from the Wahabee was over Sultan Saeed extended his conquests in all directions; he occupied several points on the Persian Gulf and the opposite coast of Beloochistan, and materially assisted the Indian government in putting down the piracy in the Gulf which had for long closed it to all trade, and finally, in 1859, he added the important Arab settlements of Mombasa and Zanzibar, on the African coast, to his dominions.

During this long reign of fifty-two years Muscat prospered exceedingly. It was the great trade centre for the Persian Gulf, inasmuch as it was a safe dépôt, where merchants could deposit their goods without fear of piracy; vessels going to and from India before the introduction of steam used frequently to stop at Muscat for water; and as a trade centre in those days it was almost as important as Aden, and with the Indian government Sultan Saeed was always on most friendly terms.

Since the death of Sultan Saeed, the power of Oman has most lamentably gone down, perhaps owing more especially to the great results which the great sultan had himself achieved; firstly, the destruction of piracy, followed by the introduction of steam, diminished the importance of Muscat as a safe port for merchants to deposit their wares, and the jealousies which exist between the descendant of Saeed, who rules in Zanzibar, and the descendant of Saeed who rules in Muscat—for

the Indian government, with rare astuteness, had divided the inheritance between Saeed's two sons—have given rise to all the recent troubles.

The sultan of Zanzibar has to pay an annual tribute of forty thousand crowns to his relative of Muscat, so as to equalize the inheritance, and this tribute is a constant source of trouble, and of late years he has taken to urging the wild Bedouin tribes in Oman to revolt against the present rather weak-minded sultan who reigns there. He supplies them with the sinews of war, namely money and ammunition, and the insurrection which occurred last February is chiefly due to this motive cause.

Sultan Feysul of Muscat is a grandson of Sultan Saeed's, and son of Sultan Tourki by an Abyssinian mother; and since his accession, seven years ago, he has been vacillating in his policy, and has practically had but little authority outside the walls of Muscat; were it not for the support of the British government and the proximity of a gun-boat, Sultan Feysul would long ago have ceased to rule. Seven years ago, when we first saw him, he was but a beardless boy, timid and shy, and now that he has reached man's estate he still retains the nervous manner of his youth; he lives in perpetual dread of his elder brother Mohammed, who, being the son of a negress, was not considered a suitable person to inherit the throne, and the two brothers, though living in adjacent houses, never meet without their own escorts to protect them from each other. When the Bedouins under Sheikh Saleh attacked Muscat last February the brothers were forced to become friends and retired together to the castle, whilst the town was given up to plunder, and they relied principally for protection on H.M.S. *Sphinx*, which lay in the harbor to protect British interests and maintain, if possible, Sultan Feysul in his position.

This state of terror lasted for three weeks, and the rebels, having looted the bazaars and wrecked the town, were eventually persuaded to retire, free and unpunished, and with a considerable cash payment, probably to return for more when the cooler weather comes

and the date harvest is over. With the consent of, and at the request of the Indian government, Sultan Feysul has imposed additional heavy duty on all the produce coming in from the rebel tribes, so as to have a fund from which to pay indemnities to foreigners who suffered loss during the invasion. A good many Banyan merchants, British subjects, suffered losses, and their claim alone amounts to one hundred and twenty thousand rupees. As a natural result of this disaster and its ignominious termination, Sultan Feysul's authority at the present moment is absolutely *nil* outside the walls of Muscat and El Mutrah, and he is still in a state of undeclared war with all the Bedouin chiefs in the mountains behind Muscat. For the Indian government, the question of Muscat is by no means pleasant, for, should any other power choose to interfere and establish an influence there, it would materially affect the influence which we have established in the Persian Gulf.

On arrival at Muscat the appearance of the place is exceedingly striking, many-colored volcanic rocks of fantastic shape protect the horse-shoe harbor; whilst behind the white town, as far as the eye can reach, stretch deeply serrated, arid mountains, which culminate in the heights of Gebel Ackdar, or the "Green Mountains," some fifty miles, as the crow flies inland, reaching an elevation of nine thousand feet; we were told that snow sometimes falls in the winter time on Gebel Ackdar, and it rejoices in a certain amount of verdure, from which it derives its name. This range forms the backbone of Oman, and at its foot is Nezweh and Rostok, the old capitals of the long line of imams of Oman, before Muscat was a place of so much importance as it is at present. The streams which come down from these mountains nowhere reach the sea, but are lost in the deserts, and, nevertheless, in some places they fertilize oases in the Omanee desert, where the vegetation is most luxuriant and fever very rife. Grapes grow on the slopes of the Gebel Ackdar, and the inhabitants, despite the strictures of Mohammed, both make and drink wine of them; and report says, how far

it is true I know not, that the Portuguese exported from thence the vines to which they gave the name of Muscatelle.

The inhabitants of this wild range are chiefly Bedouin and pastoral, and it is from this quarter that the troubles which beset poor Sultan Feysul generally emanate.

The harbor of Muscat is exceedingly pretty, with its reddish volcanic promontories, and its deep blue sea studded with tiny craft; canoes painted red, green, and white, steered by paddles, swarm around the steamer; fishermen, paddling themselves about on a plank or two tied together, hawk their wares from boat to boat; the oars of the larger boats are generally made with a flat circular piece of wood fastened on to a long pole, and are really more like paddles than oars; then in the northern corner lie huddled together large dhows, which during the north-east monsoons make the journey to Zanzibar, returning at the change of the season. Most of these belong to Banyan merchants in Muscat and are manned by Indian sailors. Close to them is the small steamer Sultanee, which was presented by the sultan of Zanzibar to his cousin Sultan Tourki of Muscat, now a perfectly useless craft, which cannot even venture outside the harbor by reason of the holes in its side; from its mast floats the red banner of Oman, the same flag that Arab boats at Aden fly, for it was originally the banner of Yemen, and the Arabs who rule in Oman trace their origin to Yemen; for early in our era, according to Arab tradition, Oman was colonized and taken possession of by descendants of the old Himyarites of Yemen.

The town of Muscat is exceedingly picturesque, when seen from the sea, but it owes picturesqueness to the two Portuguese forts at either end of it, and to its jagged rocks rather than to the architectural beauties of the Arab town, which consists of a long row of whitewashed houses with flat roofs, presenting no features of interest. The sultan's palace is the finest of the native tenements, but it is immeasurably inferior to the new residence of the British political agent, which stands at the

southern extremity of the town, just where it can get all the breeze that is going, through a gap in the rocks opening to the south, and even in this favorable position the heat in summer is almost unendurable, making Muscat one of the least coveted posts that the Indian government has to dispose of. The cliffs behind the town are absolutely devoid of verdure, and, being of a shiny schist, almost impossible to walk upon; they reflect with double intensity the rays of the tropical sun.

It is about three miles by sea to El Muttrah, round a lofty headland. This is the great trading centre of Muscat, where most of the richest merchants live, and the point from which all the caravan roads into the interior start; it, too, has a Portuguese castle, and presents a much more alluring frontage than Muscat. In a nice-looking house by the shore dwells Dr. Jayakar, an Indian medical man, who has lived for five-and-twenty years at Muscat, combining the post of British vice-consul with that of medical adviser to the few Europeans who dwell there. He says he prefers Muscat to any other place in the world, and hopes to end his days there; he is a great naturalist, and his house is filled with quaint animals from the interior, and marvels from the deep. He showed us specimens of a rabbit-like animal which the Arabs call "Whabba," and which he affirms is the coney of the Bible, and of the oryx, which lives up on the Gebel Ackdar, with two straight horns which, when it is running sideways look like one, and some say gave rise to the mythical unicorn. It is, to say the least of it, a great disadvantage to have your medical man at El Muttrah if you are ill at Muscat; if the weather is stormy, boats cannot go between the two places. There is a troublesome road across the headland by which the doctor can come partly by water and partly on foot in case of dire necessity, but the caravan road entirely by land goes a long way inland, and would take the medical man all day to traverse. Consequently, the traffic to and fro between Muscat and El Muttrah is entirely carried on by water, and when the weather is fine it is constant; the latter place is much

more exposed to southern winds than Muscat, otherwise it would be the permanent centre of both trade and government. Behind El Muttrah are pleasant gardens, watered by irrigation, which produce most of the fruit and vegetables consumed in these parts.

The interior of Muscat is particularly gloomy, the bazaars are narrow and dirty, and roofed over with palm matting; they offer but little of interest, and if you are fond of the Arabian sweetmeat called *halwa*, it is just as well not to watch it being made there, for niggers' feet are usually employed to stir it, and the knowledge of this is apt to spoil the flavor. Most of Muscat is now in ruins; fifty years ago the population must have been nearly three times greater than it is now. There is also wanting in the town the feature which makes most Moslem towns picturesque, namely, the minaret. The mosques of the Ibadhieh sect are squalid and uninteresting; at first it is difficult to recognize them from the courtyard of an ordinary house, but by degrees the eye gets trained to identify a mosque by the tiny substitute for a minaret attached to each, namely, a sort of bell-shaped cone about four feet high, which is placed above one corner of the enclosing wall. I have already mentioned the Ibadhieh's views with regard to the imams. I believe they hold also certain heterodox opinions with regard to predestination and free will, which detach them from other Moslem communities; at any rate they are far more tolerant than other Arabian followers of the Prophet, and permit strangers to enter their mosques at will; tobacco is freely used amongst them, and amongst the upper classes scepticism is rife, and the devout followers of Mohammed look upon Protestants, and their position is similar in many respects. As elsewhere in Arabia, coffee is largely consumed in Oman, and no business is ever transacted without it; it is always served in large copper coffee-pots of quaint shape, the spout representing the beak of a bird, and the lid containing stones, which the servant rattles to acquaint those who wish their cups replenished that he is in the neigh-

borhood. Some of these coffee-pots are very large, an important sheikh, or the mollah of a mosque whose guests are many, will have coffee-pots two to three feet in height, whereas those for private use are quite tiny, but always the bird-like form of the pot is scrupulously preserved; they are decorated with concentric rings of geometric patterns, and some of them are bound with silver.

The bazaars of Oman do not offer much to the curio hunter; he may perchance find a few of the curved Omanee daggers with handsome sheathes adorned with filigree silver, to which is usually attached by a leather thong a thorn extractor, an earpick, and a spud. The belting, too, with which these daggers are attached to the body is very pretty and quite a specialty of the place; formerly many gold daggers were manufactured at Muscat and sent to Zanzibar, but of late years the demand for these has considerably diminished.

All traces of the Portuguese rule in Muscat are fast disappearing, and each new revolution adds a little more to their destruction. Three walls of the huge old cathedral still stand, a window or two, with lattice-work carving after the fashion of the country, is still left, but the interior is now stable for the sultan's horses, and the walls are rapidly crumbling away. The fort of Zel-lali and Merani, at either end of the town, are still kept up and manned by the sultan's soldiers; in them are still to be seen old rusty pieces of ordnance, one of which bears a Portuguese inscription, with the date 1606, and the name and arms of Philip III. of Spain; also the small Portuguese chapel in the fort is preserved and bears the date of 1588. These are the principal legacies left to posterity by these intrepid pioneers of civilization in a spot which they occupied for nearly a century and a half.

When we first visited Muscat, seven years ago, the sultan's palace was more interesting than it is now. When the warder opened the huge gate with its massive brass knobs you found yourself alongside the iron cage in which a lion was kept; adjoining this cage was another in which prisoners were put for their first offence. If this offence

was repeated the prisoner was lodged in the cage with the lion at the time when his meal was due. In the good old days of Sultan Saeed this punishment was very commonly resorted to, as also were cruel mutilations on the shore in public, tying up in sacks and drowning and other horrors; but British influence has abolished all these things, and the lion, having died, has not been replaced. Sultan Feysul has done much in the last few years to modernize his palace. He receives you in a long room, around which are arranged chairs, which look as if they had just been sent out by Maple, and India, not Arabia, now is dominant in the capital of Oman. Feysul has had copper coins of his own struck, of the value of a quarter anna. On the obverse is a picture of Muscat and its forts, around which in English runs the legend, "Sultan Feysul bin-Tourki Sultan and Imam of Muscat and Oman," and on the reverse is the Arab equivalent. He has also introduced an ice factory, which, however, is now closed, and he wished to have his own stamps, principally with a view to making money out of them; but our political agent represented to him that it was beneath the dignity of so great a sultan to make money in so mean a way, and the stamps have never appeared.

The ex-prime minister's house, which occupies a prominent position in the principal street, is somewhat more Oriental in character, and possesses a charmingly carved projecting window, which gladdens the eye; and here and there in the intricacies of the town one comes across a carved door or a carved window; but they are now few and far between. Although Muscat has been under Indian influence for most of this century, it has latterly gone down much in the world; the trade of the place has well-nigh all departed, and with a weak sultan at the head of affairs, confidence will be long in returning. Unquestionably our own political agent may be said to be the ruler in Muscat, and his authority is generally backed up by the presence of a gunboat. There is an American consul here, too, who chiefly occupies himself in trade and steamer agencies; and this year the French have

also sent a consul to inquire into the question of the slave trade, which is undoubtedly the burning question in Arabia.

Whilst England has been doing all she can to put slavery down, it is complained that much is carried on under cover of the French flag obtained by Arab dhows under false pretexts from the French consul resident in Zanzibar. Sultan Feysul remonstrated with France on this point, and the consul is the result.

The great reason for our unpopularity in Arabia is due without doubt to our suppression of this trade. Slavery is inherent in the Arab; he does as little work as he can himself, and if he is to have no slaves nothing will be done, and he must die. In other parts of South Arabia, Yemen, the Hadramut, the Mahri country, and Dhofar, slavery is universal; and, there is no doubt about it, the slaves are treated very well and live happy lives, but here in Oman, under the very eye of India, slavery must be checked. Our gunboat, the Sphinx, goes the round of the coast to prevent this traffic in human flesh, and frequently slaves swim out to the British steamer and obtain their liberty. This naturally makes us very unpopular in Sur, where the Geneveh tribe have their headquarters, the most inveterate slave traders of southern Arabia. The natural result is that whenever they get a chance the Geneveh tribe loot any foreign vessel wrecked on their shore and murder the crew. This summer a boat, containing some creoles from the Seychelle Islands, was wrecked near Ghubet-el-Hashesh, after being driven for forty-five days out of their course by the south-east monsoons, during which time three or four of them had died. The survivors were much exhausted, but the Bedouins treated them kindly, for a wonder, and brought them safety to Muscat. For doing this they were handsomely rewarded by the Indian government; though they had possession of the boat and its contents, nevertheless, they had saved the lives of the crew, and, this being a step in the right direction, was thought worthy of reward.

The jealousies, however, of other

tribes were so great that the rescuers could not return to their own country by the land route, but had to be sent to Sur by sea.

The environs of Muscat are especially interesting. As soon as you issue out of either of the two gates which are constructed in the wall which shuts the town off from the outer world, you plunge at once into a new and varied life. Just outside the walls is the fish and provision market, reeking with horrible smells and alive with flies; hard by is a stagnant pool into which is cast all the offal and filth of this disgusting market. The water in the pool looks quite putrid, and when the wind comes from this quarter no wonder it is laden with fever germs and mephitic vapors. Consequently Muscat is a most unhealthy place, especially when the atmosphere is damp and rain has fallen to stir up the débris.

Outside the walls the sultan is in the habit of distributing two meals a day to the indigent poor; and inasmuch as the Omanee are by nature prone to laziness, there is but little doubt that his Highness's liberality is greatly imposed on.

As you immerse, not unwillingly, from this region of flies and smells, you come across a series of villages built of reeds and palm branches and inhabited by members of the numerous nationalities who come to Muscat in search of a livelihood. Most of these are Beloochees from the Mekran coast, and Africans from the neighborhood of Zanzibar. The general appearance of these villages is highly picturesque but squalid. Here and there palm-trees, almond-trees, and the ubiquitous camelthorn are seen interspersed amongst the houses; women in red and yellow garments, with turquoise rings in their ears and noses, peep at you furtively from behind their flimsy doors, and as you proceed up the valley you find several towers constructed to protect the gardens from Bedouin incursions, and a few comfortable little villas built by Banyan merchants, where they can retire from the heat and dust of Muscat.

The gardens are all cultivated by irrigation, and look surprisingly green and delicious in contrast with the barren,

arid rocks which surround them; the wells are dug deep in the centre of the valley in the bed of what, elsewhere, would be a river, and are worked by a running slope and bullocks, which draw up and down skin buckets, these empty themselves automatically into tanks connected with the channels which convey the water to the gardens.

After walking for a mile or two up this valley all traces of life and vegetation cease, and amidst the volcanic rocks and boulders hardly a trace of vegetable life is to be seen. It is a veritable valley of desolation, and there are many such in waterless Arabia.

By ascending paths to the right or to the left of the valley the pedestrian may reach some exquisite points of view; all the little cols or passes through which these paths lead are protected at the summit by walls and forts—not strong enough, however, as recent events have shown, to keep off the incursions of the Bedouins. The views over Muscat and the sea are charming, but one view to the south will be forever impressed on my mind as one of the most striking panoramas I have ever seen. When the summit of a little pass on the south side of the valley is reached, after a walk of about two miles, you look down through a gateway over the small valley and fishing village of Sadad, amongst the reed houses of which are many palm-trees, and a thick palm-garden, belonging to Saeed Joseph, gives the one thing wanting to views about Muscat—namely, a mass of green to relieve the eye. A deep inlet of the sea runs up here, with its blue waters, and beyond stretch into illimitable space the fantastic peaks of the Oman mountains, taking every form and shape imaginable; these are all rich purples and blues, and the coloring of this view is superb.

From Sadad one can take a boat and row round the headlands back to Muscat. The promontories to the open sea are very fine—beetling cliffs of black, red, and green volcanic rocks, and here and there stand up rocky islets, the home of the cormorant and bittern. In a small cove, called Shiekh Jabar, half-way between Sadad and Muscat, and accessible only by boat for all but the

most active of the natives who can scale the overhanging rocks, is a tiny strand, which has been chosen as the Christian burial-place. There are not very many graves in this weird spot, and most of them are occupied by men from the gunboats which have been stationed at Muscat. Here, too, is the grave of Bishop French, who came to Muscat a short time ago with the object of doing missionary work amongst the Omanee, but he fell a sacrifice to the pernicious climate before he had been long at his post, and before he had succeeded in making any converts.

Such is Muscat as it exists to-day; a spot which has had a varied history in the past, and which will have an equally interesting history in the future for those who have any connection with the political condition of Arabia and the Persian Gulf.

With regard to the ancient history of Oman, there is little or no antiquity connected with it. The Empire of the Himyarites, which filled Yemen and the Hadramut valley with interesting remains, does not appear to have extended its sway so far eastwards; no Sabean remains have as yet been found in Oman, nor are there any that I have heard of farther east than the frankincense country of Dhofar, over six hundred miles west of Muscat. Neither Ptolemy nor the author of the "Periplus" gives us any definite information about the existence of a town in the harbor of Muscat, and, consequently, the first reliable information we have to go upon is from the early Arabian geographers.

From Idrisi we learn that Sohar was the most ancient town of Oman, but that in his day Muscat was flourishing, and that "in old times the China ships used to sail from thence."

Oman was included in Yemen by these earlier geographers, doubtless from the fact that Arabs from Yemen were its first colonizers; and with regard to the early history of this corner of Arabia all that can be satisfactorily settled is, that from the eighth century A.D. a long line of imams ruled over Oman, with their capitals at Nezweh or Rostok, at the foot of Gebel Ackdar, and that interneceine wars were always

rife amongst them; but, at the same time, they had little or no intercourse with the outer world. Of the internal quarrels of the country the Omanee historian, Salil-bin-Razik, has given a detailed account, but for the rest of the world they are of little interest. In those days Oman seems to have had two ports, Sur and Kalhat, on the Indian Ocean, which were more frequented than Muscat. Marco Polo, A.D. 1280, calls this latter place Calati in his journal, and describes it as "a large city in a gulf called, also, Calatu," and the Omanee paid tribute to the melek or king of Ormuz for many generations; and, with the rise of Muscat, Sur and Kalhat declined.

Oman first came into immediate contact with Europeans in the year 1506, when the great Portuguese Admiral Albuquerque appeared in Muscat harbor bent on his conquest of the Persian Gulf, and the object, not even yet accomplished, of making a route to India by way of the Euphrates Valley. From Albuquerque's commentaries we get a graphic little description of the condition of the country when he reached it. At first the Arabs were inclined to receive the Portuguese without a struggle; but, taking courage from the presence of a large army of Bedouins in the vicinity, they soon showed treacherous intentions towards the invaders, so that the Portuguese admiral determined to attack the town and destroy it, and the commentator states that "within were burned many provisions, thirty-four ships in all, large and small, many fishing barques, and an arsenal full of every requisite for shipbuilding."

After effecting a landing the Portuguese ordered "three gunners with axes to cut the supports of the mosque, which was a large and very beautiful edifice, the greater part being built of timber finely carved, and the upper part of stucco," and it was accounted a propitious miracle by the Portuguese that the men who performed this deed were not killed by the falling timber. Muscat was then burnt and utterly destroyed; and "having cut off the ears and noses of the prisoners, he liberated them." The commentator concludes

his remarks on Muscat as follows: "Muscat is of old a market for carriage of horses and dates; it is a very elegant town, with very fine houses. It is the principal 'entrepôt' of the kingdom of Ormuz, into which all the ships that navigate these parts must of necessity enter."

The hundred and forty years during which the Portuguese occupied Muscat and the adjacent coast town was a period of perpetual trouble and insurrection. The factory and forts of Jellali and Merani were commenced in 1527, but the forts in their present condition were not erected till 1580, after the union of Portugal and Spain; the order for their erection came from Madrid, and the inscription bears the date 1588. Not only were the Arabs constantly on the lookout to dislodge their unwelcome visitors, but the Turks attacked them likewise with a navy from the side of the Persian Gulf, and the naval victory gained by the Portuguese off Muscat in 1554 is considered by Turkish historians to have been a greater blow to their power than the victory of Barbarossa and Andrea Doria off Prevesa in 1538.

After the union of Portugal with Spain the colonial activity of the former country rapidly declined; the soldiers who protected their fortified stations in India and the Persian Gulf were drafted off to fight the battles of Spain in the Low Countries. As a natural result of this, the Portuguese colonies in the Persian Gulf one by one fell into the hands of the enemy. Bahrain, Ormuz, Sohar, and finally Muscat, were taken, and all that is left to testify to their rule are the magnificent forts they erected at those places and the rusty old ordnance. Writing in 1624 to the East India Company, Thomas Kerridge speaks of Muscat as "a beggarly poor town," and Ormuz, he says, "is become a ruined heap."

The historian Sall tells an amusing story of the final fall of Muscat into the hands of the Arabs. The Portuguese governor, Pereira, was deeply enamoured of the daughter of a Banyan merchant of Muscat; the man at first refused to let him have his daughter, but at length consented, on condition

that the wedding did not take place for some months. Pereira was now entirely in the hands of the Banyan and did everything he told him; so the crafty Indian communicated with the Arabs outside the walls to be ready when due notice was given to attack the town. He then proceeded to persuade Pereira to clean out the water-tanks of the forts, and to revictual them as well; finally, having damped all the powder, and when the forts were without water and food, the Banyan gave notice to the Arabs one Sunday evening, when the Portuguese were carousing, and they attacked and captured the town.

Captain Hamilton gives another account in his travels (Pinkerton, vol. viii.), and tells us that the Arabs were exasperated by a piece of pork, wrapped up in paper, being sent as a present to the imam by the Governor Pereira, and he also adds that the Portuguese were all put to the sword, save eighteen, who embraced Mohammedanism, and that the Portuguese cathedral was made the imam's palace, where he took up his residence for a month or two every year.

Certainly the departure of the Portuguese from the coast towns did not greatly benefit the Omanee; jealousies between the rival imams, Saif and Ibn Murshid, placed the country in the hands of the Persians, and they were not expelled till the time of Ahmed Saeed, the first of the present dynasty; he still had his capital at Rostok, in the interior, but his grandson, Saeed-Saeed, definitely took up his residence at Muscat, and cultivated the friendship of England and the new order of things in the East.

The first political relations between the East India Company and the ruler of Oman took place in 1798, the object being to secure the alliance of Oman against the French and the Dutch. The second treaty took place two years later, which provided that "an English gentleman of respectability on the part of the Honorable Company shall always reside at the port of Muscat."

This English gentleman of respectability has consequently always resided at Muscat ever since, and after the

days of Sultan Saeed became the principal factor in the government of the place.

From Temple Bar.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The exhibition at the Royal Academy of Blake's illustrations to Dante's "Divina Commedia," followed by his designs to the book of Job, has once more called attention to the works of this strange and inexplicable genius. It is now nearly sixty-seven years since he died and found obscure burial in Bunhill Fields, and though his fame has been gradually extending from that time till the present, the world is still undecided as to his rightful place in the realm of art and letters—the message he had to deliver to the world.

William Blake died in August, 1827, at the age of sixty-nine, having been born in 1757, amid the gloom of a London November. Little is known of his parents. The father was a fairly well-to-do hosier, carrying on business in Broad Street, Golden Square (at that time a not unfashionable neighborhood), who gave his son such educational accomplishments as were then deemed sufficient for a tradesman's son—that is, a little reading and writing.

The youth was altogether unlike the common run of boys; he went about seeing visions, and he used to wander away from the Golden Square district, over Westminster Bridge, and so to the pleasant rural fields of Surrey, beyond Camberwell and Dulwich, even at times as far as Croydon and the delightful Walton-on-Thames.

It was on Peckham Rye, near to Dulwich, that the future mystic saw his first vision. He was standing looking up into a tree, when suddenly it became as it were filled with angels, "bright angelic wings bespangling every bough with stars," says Gilchrist. The boy-seer narrates his experience when he gets home, and narrowly escapes a beating from his austere, truth-loving father. But the mother—

possibly with experience of these things herself, certainly with clearer perception of the boy's nature—interposes and spares him. On another occasion he beholds angelic figures moving amongst the mowers—still in these Surrey fields.

Once he astonishes his people by contrasting a dream-city, whose houses were of gold, its pavements of silver, and its gate ornamented with precious stones, with the vaunted splendors of some foreign place.

From an early age Blake began to use the pencil, making rude sketches of man and beast, and of all such things as attracted his attention. At the age of ten he was allowed to attend a drawing school in the Strand, where he learned to copy plaster-casts after the antique. He continued to receive such instruction as could be obtained at this Art Academy, filling it out by drawing from casts and copying prints at home, until 1771, when, at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to James Basire, the engraver of Great Queen Street.

Before he took his place in Basire's shop, there had been some negotiations with Ryland, a man of higher standing in his profession than Basire. Nothing came of them, however; but it is characteristic of the youth that, as he and his father were leaving Ryland's studio for the last time, he said, "Father, I do not like the man's face; it looks as if he will live to be hanged." Twelve years afterwards this proved to be a veritable prophecy; Ryland suffering the extreme penalty of the law for forgery.

Long afterwards, one of his disciples described Blake as a "new kind of man." The boy, father of the man, was clearly of a "new kind" also. Between eleven and twelve he began to write poetry, and we possess one poem, known to have been written before he was fourteen, which it would be difficult to parallel among the products of youthful poets:—

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were
wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with
me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

Blake appears to have been very happy in his relations with his master, who was a kindly disposed and generous-hearted man. But after two years other apprentices came upon the scene, and bickering followed. This for peace sake, led to the young poet-artist being sent into Westminster Abbey, and the various old churches in and near London, to make drawings from the monuments and buildings for Gough, the antiquary. For several years this was his chief summer employment, his drawings being engraved during the winter months. It speaks much for Blake's industry and conscientiousness that he gave thorough satisfaction to his master in an employment in which he was necessarily left almost entirely uncontrolled.

The significance of these years of solitary toil in ecclesiastical edifices, especially in respect to his art, can hardly be overestimated. They kindled a fervent love of the Gothic spirit, which remained with him to the end, and doubtless also fostered "the romantic turn of his imagination," as well as his "natural affinities for the spiritual in art." Who, with an imaginative cast of thought and a religiously emotional nature, could have come out of such an ordeal—days, weeks, and months spent in the solitary contemplation of the emblems of man's mortality, and of the symbols of his eternal yearnings and hopes—without having his mind, his whole being, indeed, steeped and dyed in the things it worked in?

It may be that an unnatural strain was thus given to a mind already quite enough inclined to the visionary side of things, and that a genius which might otherwise have been normal in its development became—I will not say touched with insanity, but slightly warped, and, if one may be permitted the phrase, thrown out of focus. Thus it would appear that impressions which were entirely subjective in their origin became in his distorted lens purely objective, as when he had his vision of Christ and the Apostles.

Blake's best and most original work up to this time was undoubtedly literary. In 1783 appeared a thin octavo volume of "Poetical Sketches," printed by the help of friends, in which, for their time, there are some surprising things; such as the "Mad Song," quoted by Southey in his "Doctor," and the "Address to the Muses." In respect to these utterances, he was before Cowper, before Burns, before Wordsworth, and may be said to have been the first to give voice to the modern spirit in poetry; but while these had a world-wide influence, Blake's genius was destined to remain obscure and unappreciated.

When out of his apprenticeship Blake was employed by the booksellers to engrave illustrations for various works from the designs of others. He worked in this way after Stothard and Flaxman, with both of whom he became very intimate. His friendship with Stothard afterwards became overclouded; but Flaxman remained his good and faithful friend to the last. Another artist with whom he became acquainted at this time was Fuseli, afterwards keeper of the Royal Academy. In 1780 Blake exhibited his first work in the Academy. It was the "Death of Earl Goodwin," of which nothing is known but the name.

Two years later (1782) the poet-artist was married to Catherine Boucher, a woman four years his junior, and so illiterate as to be unable to write her own name. But, by way of compensation, she appears to have been exceptionally gifted in all the qualities that

tended to fit her for companionship with a man who was not only extremely unworldly, but self-willed and even dogmatic to the last degree. Yet, with the exception of some slight misunderstandings during the first years of their marriage, she was ever in fullest sympathy with his aims and work; indeed, she appears to have fallen in with his habits of life and thought so completely as to become truly a second self, even to the extent of sharing what people have been ready to set down as his madness. Linnell, who knew Blake as well as any one, says that he never perceived any trace of insanity in the man: but, then, insanity, so called, is a very illusive quality, apparent to-day, gone to-morrow, according as it affects this or that faculty of the mind or this or that portion of the brain, and the part affected is brought into exercise.

On his marriage Blake rented lodgings in Green Street, Leicester Fields; then in Broad Street, where for a time he carried on business in partnership with a former fellow-apprentice named Parker as printseller. In 1787 he exchanged the latter abode for one in near-lying Poland Street, where he continued to live for five years.

It was during the period spent in Broad Street that the poet-artist's most characteristic work was commenced. By the end of 1788 the "Songs of Innocence," the first portion of the poems by which he forever takes his place in the ranks of our most original poets, were completed, and the illustrative designs in color with which he twined them, as it were, into a garland of triple loveliness were executed. But the question of how to bring them before the public now presented itself. Characteristically enough, the solution came by the channel which seemed to be ever open to him. His brother Robert had died some little time before, and now, after pondering for months on his cherished object, the spirit of his brother appeared to him and pointed out a way in which a facsimile of song and design could be produced.

The method consisted of a species of

engraving in relief both words and designs. The verse was written and the designs outlined on the copper by means of the stopping-out varnish of the engravers. Then the "lights" were eaten away by means of a mordant—aqua-fortis, in all probability—the result being a plate with raised letters and design, as in stereotype. From these plates he produced the ground tint of his designs and the letter-press of the poems; the latter generally in red, the former variously in yellow, brown, blue, as the drawing required. The page was then finished, in imitation of the original drawing, by hand. He was assisted in the work of printing and coloring by Mrs. Blake, who also bound the pages together in boards. Otherwise everything was done by the poet himself, even to the grinding of his colors. Never before, or since, perhaps, has book been produced so completely by the one hand.

The number of engraved plates in the "Songs of Innocence" is twenty-seven. They form a small octavo volume, which is very rarely come across; bound up with the "Songs of Experience," they are more common.

The charm of these "Songs of Innocence" lies in their childlike simplicity. Coming upon them for the first time is like chancing upon a scene of simple rural beauty wherein children roam at play and call angels their parents. In their pictorial setting we get Blake's art for the first time in its most characteristic style.

Five years later (1794) appeared the complementary volume, the "Songs of Experience." But while these possess much of, if not all, the charms of the "Songs of Innocence," one sees at a glance that a new spirit pervades them, and it is not the spirit of innocence. Doubt and tribulation have supervened, and with them has arisen deeper insight and a wider vision. Among the best of the collection are the "Nurse's Song," "The Angel," "The Tiger," and "Holy Thursday," the latter in strange contrast to one with the same title in the "Songs of Innocence." "The Tiger," beginning:—

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

was a great favorite with Charles Lamb, as it has been with many since.

If Blake's poetical gift to the world consisted of the "Songs of Innocence" and "Experience" alone the final judgment upon his work in this respect would not be hard to reach. But the larger portion, the so-called "Prophetic Books," constitute the real difficulty in estimating his genius.

Their production ranges over a long series of years. The first of them, the "Book of Thel," appeared the same year as the "Songs of Innocence," and was produced in the same way. Even this, the simplest and most comprehensible of the prophetic books, is not a poem for all. It is a piece of pure allegory, and very mystical. "Thel," youngest of the daughters of the Seraphim, by whom is probably meant humanity, is afflicted with the thought of the transiency of life, and complains. Then to her come first a lily of the valley, then a cloud, then other abstractions, to teach her the beauty of serviceableness and love. Her complaint is very sweetly expressed:—

Ah! gentle may I lay me down and gentle
rest my head,
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and
gentle hear the voice
Of Him that walketh in the garden in the
evening time!

The "Book of Thel" was followed in 1790 by the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," a work much more mystical than the former. Like the preceding books it is engraved and illustrated in color. It is a daring attempt to sound the depths of the mystery of evil, to "justify the ways of God to man;" but, as is the case with all Blake's "prophetic" works, it is impossible to analyze it. One can trace no coherent system of philosophy in it, nor even a consistent line of thought. It is not, properly speaking, a poem, being in prose, with the exception of an "argument" in unrhymed verse. The wild utterances of the text are as nothing

in comparison with the magnificence of design and color in which they are set. In both text and design the evidences of a powerful and daring imagination are astonishing; but in respect to the former, imagination is unguided by reason.

In 1791 Blake for the first time found a publisher. This was the bookseller Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, who brought out for him a thin unillustrated quarto, entitled "The French Revolution, a Poem in Seven Books." It was announced to appear in seven parts, at a shilling each; but the first part did not go off, and it was not followed by a second. Like the privately printed "Poetical Sketches," and the "Songs of Innocence" and "Experience," and the other privately engraved poetical books, it was still-born, probably not so many copies selling as Blake sold of his engraved works to friends.

Following quickly upon this work came (in 1793) "The Gates of Paradise," "The Visions of the Daughters of Albion," and "America, a Prophecy." The latter is a folio of twenty pages of the wildest and most disconnected and even discordant imaginations, Ossian-like in their shadowy forms and misty abstractions.

The years 1793, 1794, and 1795 were very productive ones. In the former the poet published a sequel to his "America," entitled "Europe, a Prophecy," which is chiefly interesting as having for frontispiece his wonderful design of the "The Ancient of Days," as shadowed forth in Proverbs viii. 27: "When he set a compass upon the face of the earth;" and again as described in "Paradise Lost":—

And in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things.
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity ob-
 sure,
And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy
 bounds—
This be thy just circumference, O world!"

The design shows us a giant figure in an orb of light surrounded by dark

clouds, stooping down, with an enormous pair of compasses, to describe the world's destined round.

It is these quaint, beautiful, or magnificent creations of his pencil that often redeem these books from almost utter worthlessness.

We are told that Blake was inspired with the splendid grandeur of this figure, "The Ancient of Days," by the vision which he declared hovered over his head at the top of his staircase (in Hercules Buildings); and he used to say that it made a more powerful impression upon his mind than all he had ever been visited by.

The same year (1794) saw the production of another "prophetic" book, "Urizen." Like its predecessors it is formless and incomprehensible. It seems to be a mere piling up of images of terror and unrelieved gloom; and the design is like the text in its heaping up of horror on horror. "Urizen" was followed in 1795 by "The Song of Los" and "Ahamia." The latter differs from the remainder of the series in being almost wholly unadorned.

While he was producing these works Blake was not otherwise idle. Not to mention other work, he executed two prints, in which the figures are on a larger scale than in any other engraving by him. One is entitled "Ezekiel," and bears the words, "Take away from thee the desire of thine eyes" (Ezekiel xxiv. 17). The subject of the other is from the book of Job: "What is man that Thou shouldst try him every moment?" This design possesses a peculiar interest, because it gives us Blake's first ideas upon a theme which, many years later, he was to develop in a series of designs, namely, his "Inventions to the Book of Job," which constitute, perhaps, his most enduring title to fame, certainly as regards his art.

In 1795-6 came his illustrations for a new quarto edition of a translation of Bürger's "Lenore," and in 1797 appeared the first (and only) part of Young's "Night Thoughts," illustrated by forty-three designs by him. These are amongst his finest works, both as

regards design and engraving. But, from their depth and grandeur, as well as for the simple breadth and beauty of the line with which they were engraved, they were not popular. Indeed, they are too pregnant with allegory, and too full of subtle meanings beyond the letter of his text, to be grasped at once by the ordinary mind, and seem to need a further text to elucidate them.

It is impossible in a sketch to make note of all the works of so prolific a genius; but mention should not be altogether omitted of a work exhibited by him in the Academy in 1799, entitled "The Last Supper," with the inscription, "Verily I say unto you that one of you shall betray me."

In September an important change took place in Blake's way of life. On the invitation of the poet Hayley, he exchanged his residence in grimy Lambeth for one in the pleasant seaside village of Felpham, in Sussex. Hayley had undertaken to write a life of his friend Cowper, who had died in the preceding April, and Blake was engaged to engrave the illustrations for the work. In order to be near his patron, the artist took a small cottage in Felpham, where the "Hermit of Earham," as Hayley loved to style himself, after his patrimonial estate, a few miles distant, had built himself a marine villa; and for the better part of four years the two worked together on the production of the life, Blake at the same time designing and engraving illustrations for a book of ballads by his brother poet. He also used his pencil in various other ways, adorning Hayley's library with portraits of the poets, and painting miniatures, though on the whole the time at Felpham was not a productive one artistically. But on his return to London, he took back with him two astonishing poems, of the "prophetic" kind, which he had been evolving out of his capacious imagination during his residence there, namely, the "Jerusalem, the Emanation of the Giant Albion," and "Milton, a Poem in Two Books."

On his first arrival at Felpham, and for some time after, Blake was very

happy and had very pleasurable anticipations of the sort of life he was going to lead there. Writing to his friend Flaxman, by whom he had been introduced to Heyley, he says:—

Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapors; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard and their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses.

Further on in the same letter he writes:—

And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off. I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and printed in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and these works are the delight and study of archangels. Why, then, should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord our Father will do for us and with us, according to His Divine will, for our good.

In another letter we find him saying:—

One thing of real consequence I have accomplished by coming into the country, which is to me consolation enough—namely, I have recollected all my scattered thoughts on art, and resumed my primitive and original ways of execution in both painting and engraving, which, in the confusion of London, I had very much lost and obliterated from my mind.

But things did not go on so smoothly as he had anticipated. Causes of irritation between him and the "Hermit of Earham" occurred, and Blake took occasion in writing to his friend Butts to speak of Hayley's "affected loftiness" and "affected contempt." The fact is he chafed under the poet's patronage, while no doubt the author of "The Triumph of Temper" found himself irritated by the airs of a brother poet who pretended to be under the direction of messengers from heaven, daily and nightly.

We know from a letter of Blake's dated July 6th, 1803, that a "scene" had

taken place between them—one of those mental thunderstorms which generally tend to clear the atmosphere between men. But there was still some irritation remaining, when an event occurred which perhaps more than anything else caused the poet-artist to decide upon returning to town as soon as possible. This was a charge of sedition brought against him by a private of the 1st Royal Dragoons, with whom he had had a squabble. When he appeared to answer the charge at Chichester, Hayley proved himself to be his generous friend, as Blake afterwards handsomely acknowledged. The charge fell to the ground, and Blake was acquitted amid the plaudits of the auditors in the court; but he soon began to perceive that "the visions were angry with me," and early in 1804 he was back in London.

Establishing himself at No. 17 South Moulton Street, Oxford Street, Blake was soon at work again in his old groove. Here were issued the "Jerusalem" and "Milton." The "Jerusalem" is prefaced by an "Address" to the public, which opens in the following style: "After three years' slumber on the banks of Ocean, I again display my giant forms to the public; my former giants and fairies having received the highest reward possible." It forms a large quarto volume, of a hundred engraved pages, writing and design. Most copies are printed in plain black and white, though some are in blue ink and some in red. A few are tinted; for these the price was twenty guineas. It can scarcely be called a poem, being for the most part written in prose—if, indeed, it is fair to call such a chaos of words, names, and images prose. The reader soon perceives that it is hopeless to find any meaning in it, and turns away in despair. Only here and there one comes across anything like sense and lucidity, or the suggestion of a purpose.

In the designs which illuminate the pages—they cannot be said to illustrate the text—there is an exuberant flow of imagination that is exceeded in none of the other books. In this we have an

exemplification of one of the most characteristic features of Blake's genius. Mr. William Michael Rossetti has touched upon the peculiarity when he points out that the designs excel in the realization of the energetic, the splendid, the majestic, the portentous, the terrific, while they show his "mastery and sureness" where the "softer emotions, and the perception of what is gentle in its loveliness," are concerned. In the poems the contrary is true. Wherever he attempts the sublime, the magnificent, the terrific, he is apt to be nebulous and chaotic, if not even abysmally insane. Yet when dealing with the simple and innocent emotions of human nature—with the unsullied joys of children, the tender spring-like freshness of young love, the self-sacrificing devotion of parental affection—we find his verses limpid and resonant.

In 1804 and 1805 Blake produced a series of drawings illustrative of Blair's "Grave." They were seen by Cromeck, the printseller and publisher, and purchased by him at the price of a guinea and a half each, with the understanding that the artist should also engrave them. The latter part of the bargain, however, was not carried out, the designs being put into the hands of Schiavonetti, by whom they were handled with a mingled grace and grandeur which won for them a higher popularity than Blake's austere style could have achieved. But it was a sad disappointment to the artist. Never, probably, was the theme of death handled in pictorial art with more elevation and beauty than in some of these designs, and notably in "Death's Door," and the "Soul Departing from the Body." Fuseli—Blake's good friend Fusell, who confessed that he was "d—d good to steal from"—wrote a laudatory notice of the designs by way of preface; and altogether they were brought to the notice of the public with some éclat.

Nor was this the only despicable trick that Cromeck played the artist; for while Blake was at work upon his Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims,"

Cromek saw the sketch, and being highly delighted with it, commissioned him to finish the design. At least so Blake understood the matter. Cromek, however, went to Stothard and suggested the subject as a novelty. Stothard seized upon the idea, and, in short, accepted a commission from the print-seller to paint a picture in oil for sixty guineas. It has always been a moot point whether Stothard was privy to Cromek's treachery or not; Blake believed he was, and was naturally highly incensed when he found out how he had been treated, and in his heart never forgave Stothard for the part he had taken in it.

This was in 1806; in 1807 Stothard's "cabinet picture" was publicly exhibited, and attracted many admirers. It was then found to have a striking resemblance to Blake's, which was in itself suspicious.

In 1808 Blake exhibited for the last time in the Royal Academy, the subjects being "Christ in the Sepulchre guarded by Angels," and "Jacob's Dream." Both display the artist's wonderful imaginative feeling and beautiful simplicity of composition.

In the following year he had an exhibition of his own, in order to show his fresco of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," along with other drawings and frescos. It was held on the first floor of his brother's house in Broad Street. Charles Lamb visited the exhibition and greatly admired the "Pilgrimage," thinking it superior to Stothard's. "A work of wonderful power and spirit, hard and dry, yet with grace," he says of it. He was also highly pleased with the "Descriptive Catalogue," and pronounced the analysis of the characters in the prologue to be the finest criticism of Chaucer's poem he had ever read. Subsequently the "Pilgrimage" was engraved, but it did not prove a success.

When the last-named work was finished Blake had completed his fiftieth year, and, notwithstanding all that he had done, he was still an unsuccessful man. He had his admirers and friends, some of them very true

and very earnest; but he had utterly failed to touch the public ear or awaken public attention.

Gradually his old friends and patrons were dying off, and when, in 1818, he made the acquaintance of his last and staunchest friend, John Linnell, his fortunes were almost at their lowest ebb. He was, moreover, in failing health. He had by this time gone to live in Fountain Court, Strand, his last abode. Linnell, who was then living by portrait-painting, and by occasionally engraving his own portraits, gave him a few engraving commissions. But his chief service to Blake appears to have been in introducing him to a new set of friends, John Varley, Samuel Palmer, George Richmond, and Frederick Tatham being among the number. The three latter, with several others, all young men, became his ardent admirers, and in a way his disciples, and so carried on his tradition to the next generation. Of the concluding years of his career it must suffice to name the two works which principally occupied him—the "Inventions to the Book of Job" and the "Illustrations to Dante." The former, drawings in water-color, twenty-two in number, were purchased by his old patron, Mr. Butts, and were subsequently borrowed from that gentleman in order that the artist might make a replica set for Mr. Linnell, who also commissioned him to engrave them. These drawings constitute the longest and most important series executed since the "Grave" (in 1805). They exhibit the artist's powers of design at their best, and at the same time emphasize the untroubled sanity of mind exhibited in all the products of his pencil, whereas in all his later writings there is unquestionable evidence of the "sweet bells jangled" and out of tune.

Before the engraving of the "Inventions" was finished, Mr. Linnell had suggested to Blake the making of a series of designs to illustrate Dante's "Divina Commedia." The idea was thrown out with a view to giving him employment, the payments offered being generous for a man in Linnell's

position. Blake accepted the proposition with alacrity, commenced the study of Italian with a view to reading Dante in the original, and in a few weeks, by the aid of the little Latin he had acquired, mastered it sufficiently for his purpose. He began the drawings while confined to bed with a sprained foot, and continued to work at them, as the spirit moved, till the end.

There are one hundred designs in all, many of them unfinished, some of them hardly begun; but even in their incomplete state they present a wonderful series, powerful in their grasp of subject, showing great mastery of hand and undimmed potency of eye. They may not always be in strict agreement with Dante's text, and they do not invariably satisfy as being a realization of his dream; but no one can deny that they are conceived with great breadth and profundity of imagination.

They are wonderful, too, as being the work of a man nearing the completion of his three-score years and ten—a man, moreover, who all his life had been looked upon by many as in some sense insane. But here there is no trace of mental discord. Every design is evidence of a poet mind comprehending the poet of heaven and hell, and realizing his imaginings in lucid line and color. When we see and consider this, the enigma of the blurred sense of his "prophetic" writings becomes the more obscure. When we consider the two things together—the products of his art and of his pen—we are forced to the conclusion that, with a little more of that "sanity of true genius," he might perhaps, in the grandeur of his achievement, have followed close in the wake of Dante himself.

ALFRED T. STORY.

From The Argosy.
THE SHEPHERDS' MIDNIGHT MASS.
A SKETCH OF CHRISTMAS EVE IN ALASSIO.
BY JESSIE LEETE.

The most uncompromising of present-day Protestants would find it difficult

to deny the poetic fitness of the annual service with which, in the pastoral districts of North Italy, the Roman Church ushers in the festival of the Nativity—"The Shepherds' Midnight Mass."

To whom could the glad tidings of Christmas morn be more fittingly first addressed than to the *pastori*, lineal descendants, in all the essentials of humanity, of those Eastern shepherds who watched their flocks by night on the earliest Christmas eve? To them the eternal hymn of peace and good-will was chanted by an angelic choir, and lingering echoes of that strain seem to reach us still in the special service which from time immemorial in certain towns of the Ligurian coast has been held on Christmas eve for the shepherds dwelling in the neighboring mountains.

Let us suppose that you are wintering in Alassio, a little town on the Riviera di Ponente, about half-way between Genoa and Nice, lying at the head of a wide-mouthed bay, and encircled by an amphitheatre of olive-clad hills. From far and wide the shepherds gather together for the Christmas *festa*, and for several days preceding it, you may see them in the narrow arched streets of the grey old town watching with quiet interest the daily routine of the inhabitants.

To the shepherd, the red-roofed, stone-paved little *citta* is the London or Paris of his existence. Here he exchanges his superfluous produce for the few necessaries with which his own flock and tiny plot of cultivated ground fail to supply him. Here he meets his friends and relations. And here he gathers up some faint and distant echo of the great world's doings. Perhaps his wife may be with him, wearing her short full skirt and loose cotton jacket, her braided hair confined by the broad band of black velvet, which marks her caste of shepherdess; or perhaps he is accompanied only by his boys, round-faced, brown-skinned, little fellows, whose big dark eyes look already somewhat more thoughtful than those of your ordinary boy.

There is a certain serious and even stately bearing about the shepherd

which marks him out from the other peasantry quite as distinctly as does his primitive and additional attire. His eyes are steady and calm, his words few and deliberate; there is a touch of quiet dignity about him which tells of long lonely days on the silent mountain-side, and of solitary night-watches under the solemn star-lit heavens. It is, indeed, hard for us, amid the hurry of our up-to-date existence, to realize what life means to these men, among whom the ties of clanship and the patriarchal authority of the head of the family, remain in full force to-day. Money is scarcely ever used by them; barter and exchange supply their few needs. Their whole mode of life and thought is far more in accordance with the patriarchal ages of the world than with the close of the nineteenth century.

Often, during the summer, the Italian shepherd passes three months "on end" in absolute solitude, not a human being ever visiting the high mountain pastures whither he has led his flock, except, at wide intervals, the single fellow-creature who brings him his store of rude provisions. His only companions are the patient sheep and his faithful dog. No newspapers, no letters, no telegrams, ever come to interrupt the quiet of his peaceful days. Is it any wonder that the shepherd's face is calm, and his eyes far-seeing and thoughtful? Every sight and sound of nature in her solitary majesty is familiar to him from childhood. He reckons the hours as they pass by the lengthening shadows around, and draws his weather-forecast from a hundred indications which, to our blunter senses, would be imperceptible. While the flock, which to us is but a detail of the landscape, is to him a collection of individual creatures with traits and characteristics almost as well known as those of his own children.

When winter draws near and the first snow drives him from the upland pastures; slowly and patiently the shepherd leads his flock under the steep *salita*—the narrow, rock-and-pebble-paved path which his forefathers made

of old—to the shore of the Mediterranean, and there lets his charges feed on the thin, coarse herbage which grows a little way from the water's edge. All day long he sits alone, gazing quietly at the deep blue sea, as in summer he watched the dazzling snow-clad peaks.

And now it is Christmas eve, and from far and near the shepherds have gathered together, as their forefathers generation after generation have done, for the Shepherds' Mass in the Duomo of Sant' Ambrogio in Alassio.

The ancient church stands isolated in the middle of a large piazza; and from the beautifully proportioned *campanile* four or five fine bells are clashing and clanging in curiously bewildering fashion, and the inhabitants of the little town are turning out in a body to attend the Shepherds' Mass. High overhead a great white moon lights up the dark-blue sky; the stars are shining brightly, but there is no touch of frost in the calm southern night air. In the piazza we find a great crowd of the townsfolk assembled, and laughter and song break the stillness of the quiet night. The church casts a strong black shadow across the old stone-paved piazza, and the grey stone of the campanile looks ghostly under the moon-beams.

We enter through the great western doors, heavy with ancient carving, and at the east end the enormous high altar is decorated with its hundreds of candles, and thousands of artificial flowers.

Although it is only about half past ten o'clock, the big church seems nearly full already; almost every seat is occupied, and the aisles are blocked by women, each seeking an available spot to place the rush-bottomed chair she has brought with her from her home. But if we follow that tall shepherd now making his way through the press, we may perhaps in his wake be fortunate enough to reach the upper end of the church, for to-night every way gives place to the shepherd; he and his boys pass unchallenged where they will on Christmas eve: the very steps of the high altar are free to them this evening, and you see their homespun frieze side

by side with the silken robes of the priests within the sacred precincts.

As yet the high altar is but dimly lighted, and from the Lady Chapel behind it comes the sound of loud and monotonous chanting. Through an arched opening beside the altar we can just see the face of a fat old priest rising above a desk which holds a ponderous ancient psalter, and his wide-open mouth emits a sort of hoarse roar, which is only interrupted by an occasional response from some invisible attendants. One psalm succeeds another in apparently interminable succession. In fact we are told that the entire psalter is chanted throughout on Christmas eve!

Let us follow those shepherds who are making their way towards the *Natale* or *Presepio* arranged in the chapel on the north side of the chancel.

Through an arched opening in the wall we look into a sort of cavern, artistically arranged to represent a mountain landscape. On the right we see a little group of figures—the Holy Family, arranged under a little straw-thatched shed according to the traditions of Italian sacred art. The manger, the cattle, the donkey, all are there; it reminds you of a “Nativity” by Botticelli. Over the broken ground in the near distance comes an irregular procession of peasants, each bringing some offering for the Holy Babe. One man dressed in a brown jacket, crimson breeches, yellow gaiters, and scarlet cap, is bringing a tribute of lemons on the bough; a woman clad in a short blue skirt, scarlet apron, and yellow bodice, has a basket of tomatoes to present, a shepherd brings a lamb across his shoulders, a little girl a flat basket of grapes, an old woman has a live fowl struggling in her arms, and one poor boy who brings up the rear of the procession has nothing to offer but a large mushroom which he has just found in the mountain pasture.

The whole scene is softly lighted from above by invisible lamps. The tall shepherds stand gazing at this representation of the scene they have met to commemorate, with a curious blending

of amusement and reverence in their grave, sunburnt faces, and they linger lovingly before it, pointing out the various personages to their boys, till they are reluctantly obliged to pass on and make way for fresh admirers.

All this time the church, which seemed full an hour ago, has been growing fuller and fuller still, till now it is one densely packed mass of men, women, and children, of all sorts and conditions. Midnight is fast approaching, and when an acolyte appears with his long taper an expectant stir runs through the crowd. Very soon the high altar and the great chandeliers hanging from the chancel roof blaze with the light of a hundred huge candles, the face of the fat old priest vanishes from its dim recess, and the hoarse sound of the chanting gives place to the solemn tones of the fine organ which we dimly discern in the gloom of the western gallery.

A few minutes' eager hush, and the three officiating dignitaries enter in all the glory of the richest sacred vestments the sacristy can furnish. They are followed by a long file of acolytes and choristers wearing crimson cassocks and short white surplices edged with fine old lace.

As soon as the officiants have taken their stations before the altar, an acolyte advances with his arms full of long slender candles, which he proceeds to distribute among the little shepherd boys who are sitting in long rows on the chancel steps. Then the tiniest of the choristers comes forward bearing a candle lighted from the sacred flame above the altar, and all the little fellows crowd eagerly around him to light their tapers from his, their olive cheeks glowing with excitement, and their big black eyes shining with pride and pleasure.

Meanwhile, down the centre aisle a lane is being hurriedly cleared, and the crowd divides to right and left in preparation for the coming procession.

Soon we see a stalwart acolyte advancing with an enormous crucifix, followed by many couples of scarlet-and-white-robed choristers. Then the

twelve oldest shepherds present come forward and unfurl a great canopy of crimson silk attached to twelve carved and gilded poles. This they raise aloft, and then all stand waiting in the aisle while the rector, with much complicated ceremonial, takes from off the high altar a little waxen figure representing the Christ-child, lying in swaddling clothes. Bearing the image high aloft on a splendid cushion, the rector takes his place under the canopy, while the other officiants walk on either hand, holding up the corners of his vestment. Behind him comes a long train of shepherd boys, each carrying a lighted taper, then the older shepherds two-and-two, the acolytes and servers bringing up the rear.

In this order the long procession passes slowly down the church, and returns along the north aisle to the chapel in which the *Presepio* is situated, while the organ peals forth its stateliest strains and the air grows heavy with the incense of the swinging censers. Arrived at the *Presepio*, the image is reverently deposited amid the appropriate surroundings prepared for it, and immediately there rises from a thousand voices the ancient Latin *Pastorale* or Christmas anthem—"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

When the hymn is ended, we see the tall figure of the rector standing on the steps of the chapel. He has an impressive presence, and a great hush falls upon the crowd as his clear, resonant voice penetrates to the furthest corners of the church. As now and again he turns towards the *Natale* to illustrate some point in his brief discourse, the light from within it falls softly upon his singularly refined and pleasant countenance.

Around him stand the shepherds, their steadfast eyes never for a moment quitting the preacher's face, while in short, pointed sentences, and in the simplest language, he tells once more the oft-told tale of the Saviour's birth. He addresses himself directly to the shepherds; we others are only here to-night on sufferance. He speaks to

them specially of the *poverty* of the Son of Man, and assures them that they themselves, amid all the loneliness and hardships of their solitary lives, are exactly as dear to the Heavenly Father as were those Eastern shepherds of old for whom even angelic ministrations were not thought too high an honor. Then, in compassionated tones, he goes on to urge them to thankfulness of heart and holiness of life.

Presently the short sermon comes to an end, and the spell-bound listeners relax their rigid muscles. The procession is re-formed, and the image carried on the cushion back to the altar steps. Then the rector moves slowly along the line of kneeling children, with his attendant priests, and a chorister follows carrying a large brass disc to receive the minute copper coins offered by the faithful. The faces of the boys are all alight with eagerness and pleasure as their turn draws near. Nearly all the children present kneel in turn at the altar rails; and after them, a few of the older shepherds and a number of the women come forward to salute the image.

While the good rector, a little friendly smile on his kind old face, moves again and again along the chancel steps, the organ gives forth a succession of blithe quaint strains—imitations of the "pifferari" music—intended to represent the jubilant songs of the shepherds as they returned to their flocks on the earliest Christmas eve. But when the image has been solemnly replaced below the sanctuary, the gay pastoral airs give place to more solemn music, for now the mass proper is about to begin. But before it can begin, yet another ceremony, of immemorial antiquity, has to be observed.

Once more a lane is formed from the great west door to the altar steps, and along this lane we, from our favored post of observation, can see advancing with slow and majestic tread a tall and venerable shepherd, the patriarch of his tribe, who bears in his arms a snow-white lamb. The rector meets him at the chancel steps, receives the lamb in his arms, sprinkles it with a few

drops of holy water, signs it with the sign of the Cross, and returns it to the waiting shepherd, who bows in reverent silence, and immediately quits the church with the same stately dignity with which he entered it. The whole passes in almost breathless silence, and the most eager attention is paid, for every shepherd present knows—or thinks he knows—that the safety and prosperity of his property throughout the coming year depend upon the due performance of this brief ceremony; the lamb is offered as the representative of the flocks of all present, and in blessing it, the blessing of heaven is invoked upon the whole of those flocks.

When the west door has closed upon the "Father of the Shepherds" and his innocent companion, the organ gives the signal for the mass to begin, and the officiants take their appointed places before the high altar. The hour is already late, and only a greatly shortened mass is sung; it seems but a few minutes before the whole congregation bursts forth into the triumphant strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo"—every voice joining in the long-familiar hymn of praise.

And now, at last, the "Shepherds' Mass" is over, and slowly the vast throng passes out into the calm and quiet night. It is past two o'clock; the moon, in all her fullest splendor, is pouring down a flood of radiance which seems even more brilliant than the light of day itself; the stars have travelled westward, and the night air is delicious after the incense-laden atmosphere of the crowded church. We stand a moment in the piazza to watch the throng slowly melting away—group after group of contadini starting homewards up the steep hillside paths singing Christmas hymns as they go.

The shepherds linger to the last as though loth to say farewell to this their own peculiar "festa." May they carry with them pleasant memories to cheer them through the long winter nights and the lonely summer days, and may next Christmas find them again assembled for the "Shepherds' Mass."

From Chambers' Journal.
SOME MODERN USES OF GLASS.

According to Pliny, the discovery of glass, like many another article that has proved of immense benefit to mankind, was entirely fortuitous. A merchant ship laden with nitre (a fossil alkali) being driven ashore on the coast of Galilee in 77 A.D., the crew went ashore for provisions, which they cooked by the water's edge, constructing a rough support for their utensils out of pieces of their cargo, which produced a vitrification of the sand beneath the fire, and afforded the hint for the manufacture of glass.

Moralizing upon this tradition, which he evidently believed, Cuvier wrote: "It could not be expected that those Phenician sailors who saw the sand of the shores of Bœtica transformed by fire into a transparent glass, should have at once foreseen that this new substance would prolong the pleasures of sight to the old; that it would one day assist the astronomer in penetrating the depths of the heavens, and in numbering the stars of the Milky Way; that it would lay open to the naturalist a miniature world, as populous, as rich in wonders, as that which alone seemed to have been granted to his senses and his contemplation: in fine, that the most simple and direct use of it would enable the inhabitants of the coast of the Baltic Sea to build palaces more magnificent than those of Tyre and Memphis, and to cultivate, almost under the polar circle, the most delicious fruits of the torrid zone."

Since his death in 1832, how the field of its usefulness has expanded! Visitors to the late Chicago Exhibition could not fail to have noticed several offices, workshops, and stores constructed entirely of hollow glass bricks, to which a highly decorative effect was given by using bricks of variegated color, joined with a colorless cement, and which, when lit from within by the electric light, presented a fairy-like aspect, unapproached by structures of glass and iron, such as our Crystal Palace. They need not, however, have travelled so far to see an erection of this nature, for a glass factory at Liverpool has glass journal-boxes for all

its machinery, a glass floor, glass shingles on the roof, and a chimney one hundred and five feet high, built wholly of glass bricks, each a foot square.

Several patents for roofing-glass have been taken out during the last few years, the best perhaps being that in which, during manufacture, the glass is moulded upon steel-wire netting, which greatly increases its strength without appreciably lessening its transparency, and allows of its being used in much larger sheets. A Paris firm of glassmakers, MM. Apert Frères, now produce some porous glass to be used for window-panes. The pores are too fine to admit of draught, but cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room. By means of the toughening process, glass railway-sleepers, tram-rails floor-plates, grindstones, etc., have been produced.

Last year some remarkable experiments were carried out by the Berlin fire brigade upon a patent fire-resisting glass, suitable for skylights, windows, and partitions, exhibited by Messrs. Siemens of Dresden. It was proved to be capable of resisting a temperature of 1300° C. for over half an hour.

Articles of dress are now being extensively made of this material. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and, what is a great advantage, being impervious to water. In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fibre of a peculiar filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given an enterprising firm the idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths. The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, by which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun-glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is to be

had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses. An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Tablecloths, napkins, and window-curtains are also made of it. It has also been discovered that glass is capable of being turned into a fine cloth, which can be worn next the skin without the slightest discomfort.

The Infanta Eulalie of Spain was a short time ago presented with a wonderful gown by the Libbey Cut Glass Company, of Toledo. "Its foundation," writes a lady correspondent of the *Daily News*, "is a silk warp, woven with fine strands of glass. In each strand there are two hundred and fifty almost invisible threads, and to make three-quarters of a yard of this material employs four women one whole day. This curious fabric of mingled silk and glass is arranged as a gored skirt over one of white silk. It is bordered with a flounce of chiffon, partially veiled with a glittering fringe of glass. Above it is a twist of chiffon and plaited glass. The bodice is in silver cloth, woven in with threads of glass, and glass epaulets glimmer above the chiffon sleeves. The price of this ball dress is five hundred dollars. The infanta's is pure white, but the glass can be made in a variety of colors, and can be so woven through the silk as to produce a shot effect. The seams have to be glued together instead of being sewn. The silvery sheen produced by the fine threads of glass is remarkably pretty, especially under the rays of artificial light."

And while on the subject of dress, we may mention a most dangerous fashion that obtained a few years back, fortunately not to a very wide extent, and only for a short time—namely, sprinkling the hair, dresses, and flowers at balls, parties, and theatres with powdered glass. The inhalation of these minute particles of glass, one of the deadliest forms of slow poison, and perfectly insoluble, sets up serious inflammation in the pulmonary organs, stomach, throat, and other membranes

to which it adheres; and, moreover, these grains injuriously affect the delicate structure of the eye. A letter setting forth the serious effects resulting from this practice at a Christmas gathering in Coventry, appeared in the *Standard* of 29th December, 1888.

A church bell of green glass, fourteen inches high and thirteen in diameter, was placed in the turret of the chapel at the Grange, Borrowdale, in October, 1859; and now we are told that glass is to be used as a filling for teeth, especially the front ones, where it will be less conspicuous than gold, and, in fact, indistinguishable from the tooth surface.

From time to time, glass has furnished the material for scientific toys. At the old-time fairs, "Rupert's drops" formed a staple commodity, long pear-shaped drops, on breaking off the tiniest morsel of the surface of which the whole mass shattered itself into a thousand atoms. Charles II. was so delighted with them that he brought them to the notice of the Royal Society, who formed a committee to inquire into their nature. They also provided Hudibras with a simile:—

Honor is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part cracked, the whole does
fly,

And wits are cracked to find out why.

Hooke, in his "Micrographia," tells of candle-bombs, small glasses hermetically sealed and containing a drop of water, which, when placed on hot coals, burst with a loud report. Another curious article was the "Bologna phial," a hollow cup of annealed glass, capable, as are also the Rupert's drops before mentioned, of resisting hard strokes from without, but which shivers to pieces on certain light minute bodies being dropped into it. In some glass-houses the workmen show glass which has been cooled in the open air, on which they let fall leaden bullets without breaking it. They then desire you to drop a few grains of sand upon the glass, which break it into a thousand pieces. The lead does not scratch the surface, but the sharp and angular sand

does sufficiently to produce the surprising result.

One of the most curious inventions of this inventive age is platinized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum, and is then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form a very odd kind of mirror. The glass has not lost its transparency, yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it, he sees his image as in an ordinary looking-glass. But when light is allowed to pass through from the other side, as in a window-pane, it appears perfectly transparent like ordinary glass. By constructing a window of this material, one could stand close behind the panes, in an illuminated room, and see clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror, or set of mirrors, in which their own figures would be reflected and the person inside remain invisible. In France various tricks have been played. In one, a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches to look at himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure which has been hidden behind the magic glass. What wonders might not a magician of the dark ages have wrought with a piece of platinized glass?

From *Public Opinion*.

MR. ZANGWILL ON THE CARLYLES.

Mr. Zangwill, discoursing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on the loves of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, says: "The real truth about this immortal couple is, I have reason to believe, that the wife had too little capacity for passion. And, whatever she had to suffer from Carlyle's careless tyranny and gloomy humors, still it ought to have been a satisfaction to a woman of such brilliant parts to live in daily contact with such an

intellect. She seems to have found Carlyle's company stimulating enough before marriage; could she not, I wonder, have taken more interest in the books he was writing, so that, instead of silently perpending, he should talk his points over with her? But, as a matter of fact, except during the Lady Ashburton period, the marriage was such a companionship—witness her literally killing anxiety as to the success of his Lord Rector speech. The selfishness of Carlyle was not wilful, even though it be inexcusable. It was blindness; his soul was rapt away from the real world around him, and lived amid great men and picturesque mobs. And it must not be forgotten that the artist, inasmuch as he lives a double life, comes under two sets of standards, and it is something if he satisfies one. Egoistic as Carlyle may have been as a husband, as an artist he was impeccable. He yielded neither to the temptations of gold nor of shoddy work. His energy was herculean, his labor supremely conscientious, his perseverance equalled his genius. Verily he could "toll terribly," this man who could re-write "The French Revolution" after the first manuscript had been destroyed. That men of letters and painters and musicians are not immaculate the world knows well enough; but ere it points the Pharisaic finger of scorn, let it remember to make the distinction between the conscienceless in both life and art, and those whose artistic conscience is at least clear. And let it remember that the artistic part of him is to the artist his own inmost reality,

and that, as was the case with Carlyle, he may in the service of his art be even unconscious of his lapses from common morality. The prophet was a weak and sinful creature—perhaps. But did he prophesy from the heart of him, or was he a charlatan posing for money in the market-place? That is the question to be considered in the matter of great men. Owing to the double nature of the artist, four logical possibilities arise. He may be a good man and a dishonest artist, or a bad man and an honest artist, or a bad man and a dishonest artist, or a good man and an honest artist. While there can be no question as to the supreme greatness of the fourth variety, or as to the turpitude of the third, casuists might wrangle eternally over the alternative of the first two. Should a painter turn out pot-boilers to support his family, or should he neglect his domestic duties to follow his artistic ideals? Whatever you may feel about Carlyle's character, pray bear in mind the terrible amount of morality that went to make those wonderful books, and which is stored up in them like force in nitro-glycerine; and if you are an ordinary humdrum person, who contributes nothing to the world's treasury, it will become you better to say grace than to pronounce judgment. And, whatever you may think of the rights and wrongs of the Carlyle household, remember the shrewd thing that Tennyson said about it—the shrewdest thing any one has said about it—that it was a blessing they had married each other, for otherwise there would have been four unhappy people instead of two."

A Glowworm Cavern.—The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glowworm cavern, discovered in 1891, in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern, or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct), are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone bluff, about four miles from Ida Bay. The appearance of the main

cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glowworms which inhabit them.

